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A LEGEND OF GRANADA.

BY EPES SARGENT, ESQ.

"True revenge
Is patient as the watchful alchymist,
Sagacious as the blood-hound on the scent,
Secret as death."

VELASCO.

THE last strongholds of Granada were yielding before the well-directed assaults of the Castilian forces. One after one the defences of the Moors had been prostrated, till at last that once haughty people had shut themselves up in the walls of their citadel, hopeless and inactive. But among them there was one unconquerable spirit, whose relentless defiance of his Christian enemies seemed to increase as his ability to cope with them diminished. In all the sallies, which were made from the gates of the besieged city, Almanzor distinguished himself by the fury and intrepidity, with which he spurred to the encounter. Wherever the carnage was deadliest, there might he be seen, red with slaughter, flashing through the smoke of the combat, more like an invulnerable demon than a human being, whom steel could wound and exertion could weary.

It was whispered, even among his own companions, that his country's wrongs and danger did not alone impel him to this display of daring and inveterate hostility. At a time when the prospects of the Moors were less desperate, Almanzor, in a successful incursion against one of the mountain fortresses of the Christians, had seized and borne away Maria de Quexada, a Spanish maiden of singular beauty and loveliness. However unworthy may have been the designs by which he was origi-

nally actuated in this deed of violence, the very influence of the charms which tempted him soon changed his relation of a tyrant to that of a slave. He sued for the love of his captive with humility and gentleness. A change seemed to come over his rugged nature when in her presence; and, for a time, the scorn with which she received his advances, elicited from him no demonstration of anger or rebuke. The fierce, camp-bred warrior, for the first moment in his life, knew what it was to love, and with him the passion absorbed every faculty of his soul.

The patient forbearance with which he met the repulses of Maria de Quexada, of course, was not destined to continue for ever. Finding that his persevering attentions and his respectful attachment awoke no corresponding emotion in the heart of his captive, he began to assume a stern and menacing demeanor. One evening, as the maiden was about retiring to rest in the small pavilion assigned to her in the Moorish camp, the curtain was withdrawn, and Almanzor entered. The precepts of the Koran had plainly been broken that day, for he was insolent with wine, and there was in his manner none of the martial dignity which usually distinguished him.

"Thy fears shrewdly interpret to thee my errand," he said as he approached the

shrieking and terrified maiden ; "I have borne so long with thy coyness, my pretty infidel ; but I will submit to it no longer."

Had there been a single weapon of destruction within reach, gladly would Maria de Quexada have grasped it to defend herself from the pollution of the Moslem's touch, even though to do it she were compelled to redden the steel with her own life-blood. But Almanzor had been careful to deprive her of the jewelled dagger, which she had once worn ; and even the golden arrow, that was wont to pierce her black hair, had been removed.

"Flutter not, dove of Paradise," he exclaimed—"I love thee, and, by the Prophet, thou shalt be mine!"

"Not alive, miscreant!" exclaimed the high-spirited maiden ; and seizing the small spice-lamp, which burned at the foot of her couch, she boldly applied it to the light drapery about her. But as it began to ignite, the clang of trumpets, the shrieks of surprised men, the shouts of combatants, burst in one mingled clamor, like the voice of an earthquake, upon the ear.

"To arms! The Spaniard!" cried Almanzor, rushing from the pavilion.

"Holy Virgin! Grant that it may be a rescue!" said Maria de Quexada, throwing off the loose flowing robe, from the foot of which the eager flame was preparing to rise, threatening in another moment to scathe with fire her delicate limbs and fair proportions. But it caught the light muslin festoons about the pavilion, and the maiden had scarcely time to throw a garment about her person, before she was driven by a furious volume of smoke and flame into the open air. The first object she saw was a cavalier on horseback, riding impetuously toward the scene of the conflagration, while, on another side, a party of Moors and Christians were engaged in a sanguinary and tumultuous encounter. The steed was not checked in his rapid career, until the maiden felt the breath of his nostrils upon her forehead, and then the rider drew up so suddenly as to bring the docile animal upon his haunches.

It was Juan d' Aguilar, the affianced lover of Maria de Quexada !

The Spaniards, after a brief skirmish, retired to their own quarters, and Almanzor was left wild and raving at the loss of the maiden, to gain whose affections he would have considered no sacrifice too great. In all his subsequent encounters, he fought, as has already been mentioned, with a desperation that no danger could allay or check. But the foe whom he chiefly sought to engage, among the young cavaliers of the army of Ferdinand and Isabella, was Juan d' Aguilar ; but in this circumstances did not happen to favor his wishes.

The Moors had retreated to their last rampart. There was no hope for Granada. Almanzor in vain tried to rally a band of heroes, with whom once more to brave the Christians. Despair was in the hearts of all the Moslem garrison—famine and sickness were in their looks. There was no hope for Granada.

It was a morning of sunshine and verdure. A detachment of the Spanish army, under the command of Juan d' Aguilar, lay encamped a few miles from the besieged city, whose minarets and groves glittered dazzlingly before them in the clear, white atmosphere. In the rear rose the blue Alpujarras limned in majestic beauty against the horizon. The encampment of Juan d' Aguilar was no unworthy feature in the scene of beauty. His various tents were sumptuously ornamented with the richest tapestry, and their pinacles streamed with pennons of every hue and device. The central pavilion, supported by columns of lances, and shining in purple and crimson silk, with golden trimmings and embroideries, was occupied by ladies, who had come to visit their husbands, their lovers or their kinsmen, now that all danger from the attacks of the Moors was considered at an end. Maria de Quexada was there, the gayest of the gay, with song and jest, her heart buoyant with hope, and her eyes flashing with delight. The long protracted war was fast

drawing to an assured conclusion ; and soon were to be celebrated the nuptials of the maiden, with one of the bravest and best of the young nobility of Spain. Juan was constantly by her side, and his devotion frequently called forth the good-natured raillery of the ladies, who, perchance, might not have been so enviably favored in their suitors. There was music and dancing and feasting throughout the encampment, and many were tempted to exclaim ; " Oh, that life were all like this bright and beautiful summer day ! "

The cry of a distant sentry was suddenly borne from mouth to mouth, until it reached the ears of Juan. It announced that a deserter from the Moors brought intelligence of great importance, which he desired to communicate to the commander.

" Give orders for his admission to our presence, but first see that he bears no concealed weapon," said Juan ; and he seated himself in front of his pavilion, while around him gathered the officers of his army, and at the back of his chair stood Maria de Quexada, with the ladies of her train.

The stranger entered with a quick, imperious step. He had discarded the Moorish turban and costume, and stood forth with his head bare, and a red mantle more like a Roman toga than a cloak, wrapped around his mailed vest, and reaching below his knees.

" Holy Virgin ! it is Almanzor !" gasped forth Maria, trembling violently as she spoke

" There is no cause for alarm," said Juan ; " he bears no weapon in his belt, and if he did, have I not my good sword to encounter it ? " Then turning to the Moor, he said : " Tell us, Almanzor, the purpose of thy visit. Bringest thou terms of surrender ? If so, thou mayest return ; for, nothing but unconditional submission will we accept."

" I come on no such errand," replied Almanzor, in tones so deep and sepulchral, that all who heard them were startled. " I have been discarded by my people as the instigator of their misfortunes, and I have

come here to abjure my nation and my faith. I acknowledge myself your vassal and a Christian."

The sneer which the speaker threw into the last word passed unnoticed. Expressions of amazement and congratulation were heard on all sides. Lopez de Bovadilla and many other young officers, with Alvaro de Belaleazar and the friars who were present, crowded around the Moorish apostate, shook hands with him, and received his tenderest embraces in return.

As soon as silence was in a measure restored, Juan descended from the platform where he had been sitting, and said : " We well know thy bravery, Almanzor, and thy high repute ; but, wert thou the humblest of Moorish subjects, we could not but hail thy conversion to the true faith. Accept my greeting, and may thy Christian piety equal thy Moslem courage.

Almanzor eagerly seized the proffered hand of Juan d' Aguilar, and raised it to his lips. But, as if not content with even this extraordinary demonstration of affection, he threw his arms around Juan's neck, and planted the most fervid kisses upon his cheek and mouth. Hardly could the Spaniard detach himself from the clinging embraces of the Moor. But, when he succeeded in freeing himself, he was struck with the change in the appearance of the latter. The Moslem's complexion had grown livid and horrible to behold ; his blood-shot eyes glared like crimson meteors ; his frame shook, and his lips, which twitched convulsively, gave forth a dreadful smile. A frantic laugh succeeded ; and, lifting his bared arms on high, Almanzor shrieked forth ! " Detested infidels ! ye are my victims ! A mortal contagion is in my lips. Look, look on this burning brow, these starting eyeballs, this spotted skin, these strained and distorted sinews ! Ha, ha, ha ! Thus, even thus, must ye also die ! "

He fell writhing in the throes of death upon the ground. A cry of horror arose from the Spaniards ; for then were they made aware that it was the PLAGUE, with which they had been contaminated.

DEBBY WILDER,
OR, THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY SEBA SMITH.

THERE lived a few years ago, in the interior of one of the middle states, a sturdy farmer, well to do in the world, by the name of William Wilder. He had wandered away from Yankee land in his younger days, to seek his fortune, and having been employed by a respectable Quaker to work on his farm, he had contrived with true Yankee adroitness to win the affections of the old man's daughter, and had married her. His wife having espoused one of the world's people, contrary to the rules of her order, was of course 'read out of the society ;' but William loved her none the less for that ; if any thing he felt a little rejoiced at it, for he thought it seemed to bring her a little nearer to him. He had no particular objections to "them theeing and thouing sort of folks," he had always found them a pretty good sort of people, but he had no idea that he should ever join them himself, and therefore felt a sort of relief, a something that he could hardly describe, when told that his wife was 'read out.'

Mrs. Wilder however never overcame, and perhaps never tried to overcome, the habits which had grown up with her childhood and youth; she always called her husband William, and continued through life to speak the Quaker dialect. But this from her lips was never ungrateful or unwelcome to Wilder's ears, for one of the sweetest sounds that dwelt in his memory was when he asked her a certain question, and her reply was, "William, thee has my heart already, and my hand shall be thine whenever thee may please to take it."

William Wilder was a thrifty and stirring man ; in a few years he found himself the owner of a good farm, and was going ahead in the world as fast as the best of his neighbors. Nor has the whole sum of his

good fortune been stated yet. He was blest with a daughter ; a bright rosy-cheeked, healthy, romping girl, full of life and spirits, and in his eyes exceedingly beautiful.

This daughter, at the period which is now to be more particularly described, had reached the age of eighteen years. Her complexion was naturally fair, but a little browned from exposure to the sun, for she had been accustomed from childhood to be much in the open air. If this, however, had detracted aught from her beauty, it was more than compensated by the vigor and elasticity it had imparted to her frame, and the bright and deep lustre it had brought to her dark hazle eye. She was an object of engrossing love to her parents, and of general attraction in the neighborhood.

"There's that Joe Nelson along side of Debby again," said Mr. Wilder to his wife rather pettishly, as they came out of church one warm summer afternoon and commenced their walk homeward. "I wish he wouldn't make himself quite so thick."

"Well, now, my dear, I think thee has a little too much feeling about it," returned Mrs. Wilder." Young folks like to be together, thee knows, and Joseph is a clever, and respectable young man ; nobody ever says a word against him."

"Yes he's too clever to be worth any thing," said Wilder, "and by and by he'll take it into his head, if he hasn't already, to coax Debby to marry him. I've no idea of her marrying a pauper ; I've worked too hard for what little property I've got to be willing to see it go to feed a vagabond, who never earnt any thing, and never will. I dont believe Joe'll ever be worth a hundred dollars as long as he lives."

"Well, now my dear, I think thee is a

little to hard upon Joseph," said Mrs. Wilder; "thee should remember he is but just out of his time. His father has been sick several years, and Joseph has almost entirely supported the whole family."

"Oh, I dont deny but he's clever enough, and kind enough to his father and mother," said Mr. Wilder; "all is, I dont like to see him so thick along with Debby. How should you feel to see him married to Debby, and not worth hardly a decent suit of clothes?"

"Well, I should feel," said Mrs. Wilder, "as though they were starting in life very much as we did, when we were first married. We had decent clothes, and each of us a good pair of hands, and that was about all we had to start with. I dont think William, we should have got along any better or been any happier, if thee had been worth a hundred thousand dollars when we were married."

This argument came home with such force to Wilder's own bosom, that he made no attempt to answer it, but walked on in silence till they reached their dwelling. Debby and Joseph had arrived there before them, and were already seated in the parlor. Seeing Joseph as they passed the window, Mr. Wilder chose not to go in, but continued his walk up the road to the high ground that overlooked some of his fields, where he stood ruminating for half an hour upon the prospect of his crops, and more particularly upon the unpleasant subject of Debby and Joe Nelson. The young man had became so familiar and so much at home at his house, that he could hardly doubt there was a strong attachment growing up between him and Debby, and he began to feel very uneasy about it. He had always been so fond of his daughter, and her presence was so necessary to his happiness that the idea of her marrying at all was a sad thought to him; but if she must marry, he was determined it should be, if possible, to a person of some property, who would at once place her in a comfortable situation in life, and relieve him from the foolish anxiety, so common

in the world, lest his own little estate should be dishonored by family connections not equal to it. While he remained there in this musing mood he recognised Henry Miller coming down the road, and he resolved at once to take him home with him to supper. Miller was a dashing business young fellow, who kept a store about a mile and a half from Wilder's, and was reputed to be worth some five or six thousand dollars. He had heretofore been a frequent visiter at Wilder's house, and there was a time when his attentions to Debby, were such as to cause Mr. Wilder to expect that the thrifty young trader would become his son-in-law. Debby however was not sufficiently pleased with him to encourage his attentions, and for some time past his visits had been discontinued.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Miller," said Wilder, presenting his hand; "glad to see you, how do you do? fine day, this."

"Yes, fine day," said Miller, "excellent weather for crops; how are you all at home?"

"Quite well, thank ye," said Wilder. "Come, you must go down to the house with me. Why have you been such a stranger lately?"

"Oh, I've generally been pretty busy," said Miller, coloring a little, "I dont get much time to visit."

"Well, you must go down to the house with me now, and stop to supper," said Wilder, "you can have nothing to prevent you to day, I'm sure."

Miller colored still deeper; said he did not think he could stop; he only came out to take a bit of a walk, and did not think of going any farther than the top of the hill where they now stood. Mr. Wilder however would not take no for an answer, and after considerable importunity he prevailed upon Miller to accept his invitation, and they descended the hill together and went into the house.

"Debby, here's Mr. Miller," said Wilder, as they entered the parlor.

Debby rose, handed a chair, and said good evening; but her face was covered

with blushes, and she returned again to her seat.

As Miller seated himself in the chair, he glanced across the room and recognised Joseph Nelson. The two young men nodded at each other, and both seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"Where's your mother, Debby?" said Mr. Wilder; "Mr. Miller's going to stop to supper."

At this moment Mrs. Wilder entered the room.

"How does thee do, Henry?" said she, presenting her hand, "I am glad to see thee; I hope thy mother is well."

"Very well indeed," said Miller, and after a few more remarks, Mrs. Wilder retired to superintend the preparation of supper.

"Excuse me, Mr. Miller, a little while," said Mr. Wilder, "I want to go and show Joseph that field of corn of mine we were looking at back of the hill. According to my notion it is the stoutest piece there is in the town. Come, Joseph, go up and look at it."

"I think it is the stoutest piece I've seen this year," said Joseph; I saw it about a week ago."

"Oh, it's gained amazingly within a week," said Mr. Wilder, "come, go up and look at it."

Joseph was altogether unaccustomed to such attentions from Mr. Wilder, and he looked not a little confused as he took his hat and followed him to the door. They went up the road, and Mr. Wilder took him all round the field of corn, and examined hill after hill, and looked into the other fields, and found a hundred things to stop and look at, and talked more to Joseph than he had before for six months. Joseph suspected that this walk was undertaken by Mr. Wilder for the purpose of leaving Miller and Debby in the room together, but he bore it all patiently, and answered all Mr. Wilder's remarks about his crops and his fields with apparent interest, for he knew too well the state of Debby's feelings, both toward himself and toward Miller, to

feel any uneasiness. At length Mr. Wilder concluded supper must be nearly ready, and they returned to the house. On entering the parlor they found Miller alone, reading a newspaper. Mr. Wilder looked vexed.

"What, all alone, Mr. Miller?" said Wilder; "I shouldn't have staid so long, but I thought Debby would amuse you till we got back."

"Miss Debby had some engagement that required her attention," said Miller, "and asked to be excused; but I have found myself quite interested in this newspaper."

Wilder went out and met his wife in the hall, and asked her how long it had been since Debby left Mr. Miller alone in the parlor.

"She left in three minutes after thee went out," said Mrs. Wilder, "and I couldn't persuade her to go back again. She said she knew thee went out on purpose to leave her and Henry alone there together, and she would not stay. It's no use, William, these things always will have their own way, and it's no use trying to prevent it."

The supper passed off rather silently and rather awkwardly. Mr. Wilder endeavored to be sociable and polite to Miller, and Debby performed many little silent acts of politeness toward Joseph, and Mrs. Wilder as usual was mild and complaisant to all. But an air of embarrassment pervaded the whole company, and when they rose from the table Henry Miller asked to be excused, and said it was time for him to be returning homeward. Mr. Wilder endeavored to persuade him to stop and spend the evening, but Henry was decided and said he must go. After he had gone, Joseph and Debby returned again to the parlor, where they were joined a part of the evening by Mrs. Wilder; but Mr. Wilder, after walking up and down the dining room for an hour or two, retired to bed; not however to sleep. His mind was too much engrossed with the destiny of Debby, to allow of repose. He counted the hours, as they were told by the clock, till it had struck twelve. Wrs. Wilder

had then been two hours asleep, still he had not heard Joseph go out. After a while the clock struck one, and in a few minutes after that, he heard the outer door rather softly opened and closed ; and then he heard Debby tripping lightly to her chamber.

" Ah," thought Wilder to himself, " it is as my wife says ; these things will have their own way. This staying till one o'clock looks like rather serious business."

The next day Debby had a long private interview with her mother ; and after dinner Mrs. Wilder wished to have some conversation with her husband in the parlor.

" Well, my dear," said she, " Debby and Joseph are bent upon being married. It seems they made up their minds to it some months ago ; and now they have fixed upon the time. They say they must be married week after next. Now, I think we had better fall in with it with as good feelings as we can, and make the best of it. Thee knows I have always said these things will have their own way, and when young folks get their minds made up, I dont think it's a good plan to interfere with 'em. As long as Joseph is clever, and respectable, and good to work, I think we ought to feel contented about it, although he is poor. It seems to me there are as many folks that marry poor, that make out well in the world, as there are that marry rich."

After a little reflection upon the matter, Wilder came to the conclusion that his wife had nearly the right of it, and told her he would make no further opposition to the match ; they might be married as soon as they chose.

" Well, my dear," said Mrs. Wilder, " Debby needs a little change to get some things with this week, in order to get ready to be married."

" How much will she want this week ?" said Mr. Wilder.

" If thee can let her have fifteen or twenty dollars," said Mrs. Wilder, " I think it would do for the present."

" Well, now I've no money by me," said Mr. Wilder, " except a hundred dol-

lar bill, and it's impossible to get that changed short of sending it to the Bank, a distance of ten miles. I tried all over the neighborhood last week to get it changed, but couldn't succeed. I shall be too busy to go myself to-morrow, but if Debby has a mind to get on to the old horse in the morning, and take the bill to the bank and get it changed, she may have some of the money."

This proposition was soon reported to Debby, who said 'she had jest as leaves take the ride as not.'

The matter being thus amicably arranged with Mr. Wilder, there was nothing to hinder going forward with comfort and dispatch in making preparations for the wedding. Debby was in excellent spirits, turned off the work about the house with remarkable facility, and evinced unusual solicitude in her attentions to her father, answering all his wants almost before he had time to name them. And on the other hand, Mr Wilder was in unusual good humor towards Debby. Having at last brought his mind to assent to the arrangement which he had so strongly opposed, his feelings were now in a state of re-action, which caused him to regard Debby with uncommon tenderness. His eyes followed her about the house with looks of love, and a tone of kindness breathed in every word he uttered. The next morning his old grey horse was standing at the door and eating provender full two hours before Debby was ready to start ; and Mr Wilder had been out half a dozen times to examine the saddle and bridle to see that every thing was right, and had lifted up the horse's feet one after another, all round, to see if any of the shoes were loose. And when at last Debby was ready, he led old grey to the horse-block and held him till she was well seated in the saddle, and then he handed her the bridle, and shortened the stirrup-leather, and buckled the girth a little tighter to prevent the danger of the saddle's turning, and when he had seen that every thing was all right he stepped into the house and brought out his

small riding whip and placed in her hand, and giving her a hundred charges to take care of herself and be careful and not get a fall, he stepped up on the horse-block and stood and watched her as she turned into the road and ascended the hill, till she was entirely out of sight.

Debby trotted on leisurely over the long road she had to travel, but she was too full of pleasant thoughts and bright anticipations to feel weary at the distance or lonely in the solitude. The road was but little travelled, and she met but two persons in the whole distance, one as she was descending a hill about a mile from home, and the other in the long valley of dark woods about mid-way in her journey. Had she been of a timid disposition, she would have felt a good deal of uneasiness when she saw this last person approaching her. His appearance was dark and rufianly, they were two miles from any house, and in the midst of a deep silent wilderness. But Debby's nerves were unmoved; she returned his bow in passing, and kept on her way with perfect composure.

She reached the end of her journey in due time, hitched her horse in the shed at the village hotel, and inquired of the waiter at the door the way to the bank. As he was pointing out to her its location, she observed a tall, dark looking man, with black whiskers and heavy eye-brows, looking steadily at her. She, however, turned away without noticing him any farther, and went directly to the bank. When she reached the door she found it closed, and learnt from the bystanders that the bank, from some cause or other, was shut for the day. In her exceeding disappointment, she stood silent for some time, uncertain what she should do.

"Is it any thing, Miss, that I can help you about?" said a gentleman at the adjoining shop door.

Debby replied that she wanted to get a bill changed at the bank.

"Oh, I'll change it for you," said the gentleman, "if it isn't too large; come step in here."

She accordingly stepped into the store, and giving him many thanks, handed him the bill.

"Oh, a hundred dollars," said he; I can't do it, I haven't half that amount in the store. But you go across there to the apothecary's, I think it likely enough he may do it."

Debby thanked him again, and went across to the apothecary's. Here she made known her wishes, but with no better success. The apothecary looked at the bill, and opened his pocket book, and then discovered that he had paid away all his small bills that day and could'nt change it. As she turned to go out she encountered a man behind her, who seemed to have been looking over her shoulder. She looked up at him, and recognised the tall man with black whiskers, whom she had noticed at the hotel. Leaving the druggist's shop, she observed a large dry goods store, and thought she would try her luck there. Still she was unsuccessful. As she was leaving the store she met the tall man with black whiskers again. He looked smilingly upon her and asked her to let him see the bill, for he thought it probable he could change it. After looking at it he returned it to her again, observing, if it had been a city bill he would have changed it, but he didn't like to change a country bill.

Having tried at two or three other places without effecting her object, Debby found she must give it up, for she was now told that it probably would not be possible for her to get it changed till the bank should be opened the next day. Nothing further remained therefore that she could do, and she concluded to return immediately home. As she rode out of the hotel yard, she observed again the tall man with black whiskers standing at the corner of the house, and apparently watching her movements. She could not but think he had considerable impudent curiosity, but she rode on, and was no sooner out of his sight than he was out of her mind, for her own perplexing disappointment engrossed all her thoughts. She passed over the first

two miles of her homeward journey almost unconscious of the distance, so busily was she turning over in her mind various expedients to remedy the failure of her present undertaking. Sometimes she thought she must return again to the bank the next morning; but the journey was rather more of an undertaking than she had anticipated, and she shrank a little from the idea of a repetition of it. She thought of several of their neighbors, of whom she presumed it might be possible to borrow a few dollars for a short time. But then she knew her father was so strenuously opposed to borrowing, that he would on no account allow it to be done, and would never forgive her should he find out that she had done it without his knowledge or consent. She might get trusted for most of the articles she wanted, but several of them of the most importance were at Henry Miller's store, and she would not ask to be trusted there, if she never obtained the articles.

Her reveries were at last broken off by the sound of a horse coming up at rather a quick trot behind her. She looked over her shoulder, and there was the tall man with the black whiskers, mounted on a large and beautiful black horse, within a few yards of her. She shuddered a little at first at the idea of having his company through the woods, but as he came up he accosted her with such a bland smile and such gentle and easy manners, that she soon recovered from her trepidation and rode on with her wonted composure.

"Rather a long road here, Miss," said the stranger, looking at the dark woods that lay in the great valley before them. "How far do you go, Miss?"

"Seven or eight miles," said Debby, hesitating a little.

"I am happy to find company on the road," said the stranger, "for it is rather lonesome riding alone. I trust you'll allow me to be your protector through the woods."

Debby thanked him, but said, "she was never lonesome and never afraid. Still in

a lonely place it was always more agreeable to have company."

"Did you make out to get your bill changed?" said the stranger.

"No," said Debby, "I tried till I was tired, but I could not find any one to change it. I dont know but I shall have to come back again to-morrow, for it is impossible to get it changed in our neighborhood."

The stranger made himself very agreeable in his conversation, and Debby began to think that her feelings at first had done him injustice, and she tried what she could to make amends by being social and agreeable in her turn. A couple of miles more had been passed over in this way, not unpleasantly, and they had now reached the deepest and darkest part of the valley through which the road lay. The heavy woods was above them and around them, and not a sound was to be heard except the murmuring of a little brook, over which they had just passed. The stranger suddenly rode close to her side, and seizing the rein of her bridle, told her at once she must give him the hundred dollar bill.

"Now this is carrying the joke too far," said Debby, trying to laugh; "in such a place as this too, it's enough to frighten one."

"It is no joke at all," said the stranger; "we go no further till you give me the hundred dollar bill."

Debby trembled and turned pale, for she thought she saw something in the stranger's eye that looked as though he was in earnest.

"But surely you dont mean any such thing?" said Debby, trying to pull the rein from his hand. "It's too bad to try to frighten me so here."

"We mustn't dally about it," said the stranger holding the rein tightly; "you see I am in earnest by *this*," drawing a pistol from his pocket and pointing it towards her.

"Oh! mercy," said Debby, "you may have the money, if you will let me go."

"The money is all I want," said the stranger, "but there must be no more

dallying ; the sooner you hand it over the better."

Debby at once drew forth the bill and attempted to hand it to the stranger, but her hand trembled so, it dropped from her fingers just before it reached his, and at that moment a little gust of wind wafted it back gently toward the brook. The stranger leapt from his horse and ran back two or three rods to recover it. Debby was not so far gone in her fright but that she had her thoughts about her ; and seizing the rein of the stranger's horse, she applied the whip to both horses at once, and was instantly off upon a quick canter. The man called to her to stop in a loud, threatening tone, and at once fired his pistol at her ; but as she did not feel the cold lead, she did not stop or turn even enough to give him a farewell look. The remaining five miles of her journey was soon passed over ; and as she came out into the settlement and passed the dwellings of her neighbors, many were the heads that looked from the windows and the doors, and great was the wonderment at seeing Debby riding home so fast, and leading such a fine strange horse.

Her father who had seen her come over the hill, met her some rods from the house, exclaiming with looks of astonishment, "what upon earth have you here, Debby ? Whose horse is that ?"

" Why, Debby, what has thee been doing ?" said Mrs Wilder who was but a few steps behind her husband ; " thee doesn't look well ; what is the matter ?"

As soon as they were seated in the house Debby told them the whole story, and Mrs. Wilder's eyes were full of tears during the whole recital. When she had rested a little and the gush of feeling began to subside, Mr. Wilder felt so rejoiced at his daughter's escape, that he began to feel in excellent spirits. He led the strange horse to the door and began to examine him.

" Well, Debby," said he, " since you've got home safe at last, we may begin to talk about business a little now. The hundred dollar bill is gone ; but I'm think-

ing after all, you haven't made a very bad bargain. That's the likeliest horse I've seen this many a day. I dont think it would be a very difficult matter to sell him for two hundred dollars. At any rate I'll take the horse for the hundred dollars, and you may have the saddle for the twenty dollars you was to have out of it."

" And the saddle-bags too, I suppose," said Debby, feeling a little disposed to join in the joke.

" Yes, and the saddle-bags too," said Mr Wilder ; " no, stop, we'll see what is in them first," he continued, untying them from the saddle. " Oh, here's lots of shirts and stockings and hankerchiefs, and capital good ones too. Yes Debby the saddle-bags are yours ; these things come in very good time for Joseph, you know."

Debby colored, but said nothing.

" Now, William," said Mrs. Wilder, " thee is a little too full of thy fun."

" No fun about it," said Wilder, replacing the articles in the leather bags. " Here, Debby, take 'em and take care of 'em."

Debby took the saddle-bags to her chamber, not a little gratified with the valuable articles of clothing they contained. She emptied the contents upon the bed : and on examining to see if every thing was out, she discovered an inside pocket in one of the bags. She opened it and drew therefrom an elegant pocket-book. On opening the pocket-book she found it contained a quantity of bills. She counted, and counted, and her heart beat quicker and quicker, for before she got through she had fifteen hundred dollars in good bank money.

Debby kept her own counsel. In a few days it was rumoured that Joseph Nelson had purchased an excellent little farm in the neighborhood, that had been offered for sale for some months at a thousand dollars, and was considered a great bargain.

" Joseph," said Mr. Wilder, the next time they met, " I am astonished to hear you have been running in debt for a farm in such times as these. I think you ought

to have worked three or four years and got something beforehand, before running in debt so much."

"But I haven't been running in debt," said Joseph.

"Haven't you bought Sanderson's farm?" said Wilder.

"Yes, I have," said Joseph.

"At a thousand dollars," said Wilder.

"Yes," said Joseph, "but I paid for it all down. I don't run in debt for anything."

Mr. Wilder was too much astonished to ask any further questions.

Joseph Nelson made an excellent farmer and respectable man; he was industrious, and got rapidly beforehand, and Mr. Wilder was always proud of his son-in-law. It was some ten years after this, when Mr. Wilder was sitting one day and trotting his third grandson upon his knee, that he said,

"Debby, I *should* like to know how Joseph contrived to purchase this farm at the time you were married."

Debby stepped to the closet, brought out the old saddle-bags, and opening them, pointed to the inner pocket, saying, "the money came from there, sir."

LINES COMPOSED AT "THE GREENWOOD CEMETERY."

BY PARK BENJAMIN, ESQ.

How soft and pure the sunlight falls
On this lone city of the dead—
How gilds the cold and marble walls,
Where Autumn's crimson leaves are shed;
The gentle uplands and the glades
No sad, funereal aspect wear;
But, as the Summer greenness fades,
In their new garments seem more fair.

Look, Mary—what a splendid scene
Around us in the distance lies!
Bright breaks the silver sea between
This island and the Western skies.
How still with all her towers and domes
The city sleeps on yonder shore—
How many thousand happy homes,
Your starless sky is bending o'er!

Happy—although this sacred spot
The happiest may receive at last—
How may their memories be forgot,
Save when some casual glance is cast
By tearless eyes upon their graves,
And passing strangers bend to learn
O'er whom some tree its foliage waves,
Whose name adorns some sculptur'd urn.

Oh, mournful fate! to die unknown
And leave no constant heart to pine;—
And yet, ere many years have flown,
Such fate, dear Mary, may be mine.
Alone I live, and I shall die
With no sweet hand like thine to close—
When from my sight Earth's miseries fly—
My eyelids in their long repose.

SONG.

BY JOSIAH CONDER, ESQ.

'Twas not when earthly flowers were springing,
When skies were sheen,
And wheat was green,
And birds of love were singing,
That first I loved thee, or that thou
Didst first the tender claim allow.

For when the silent wood had faded
From green to yellow.—
When fields were fallow,
And the changed skies o'ershaded,—
My Love might then have shared decay,
Or passed with summer songs away.

'Twas winter,—cares and clouds were 'round me,
Instead of flowers
And sunny hours
When Love unguarded found me:—
'Mid wintry scenes my passion grew,
And wintry-cares have proved it true.

Dear are the hours of summer weather,
When all is bright
And hearts are light,
And Love and Nature joy together;—
But stars from night their lustre borrow,—
And hearts are closer twined by sorrow.

"BEING OUT OF TOWN."

BY MARK MADRIGAL.

Julia—A country life's the life for me ; I'm
Wedded to a country life.

THE HUNCHBACK.

As we do not, in imitation of our London neighbors, turn day into night, so we do not turn summer into winter—remaining in town during the hot months, and leaving it not long before the air of a bright morning begins to bite shrewdly. Even before the ides of September, did we recognise on the *pavé* many a sweet face, that our eyes had looked for in vain, since first

"The fervid summer noon
Kissed the ripe lips of rosy June."

New Yorkers think it, doubtless, very fine and fashionable to leave their spacious houses, even in the upper part of the city, and betake themselves to some of the numerous "watering-places" in the vicinity, during the summer solstice. A big, bare hotel with little bits of rooms, in which one would find it difficult to swing a Grimalkin, is a mighty nice place to sojourn in for a month or two. It is *so* pleasant to dine at a long table, with rows of plates on each side and no napkins, with a clatter and a rumpus, reminding you of a cotton manufactory with fifty thousand spindles in full play. It is *so* cosy to sleep in a couch two feet wide, and to perform matutinal ablutions in a cracked, blue basin on a rickety stand.

But a farm house is still more agreeable. What nice pigs ! Such a rarity ! You never see nice pigs in New York. One of the gentle sex once inquired of us why people did not clean and curry them as they do horses. True enough, why don't they ?—And then the cows—"moolies" or Moolahs as they say in China. Doubtless it was from observing these interesting animals, that Shakspeare was inspired to write "chewing the *cud* of sweet and bitter fancy," (the true reading is *food* ; but no matter—this will do by way of parenthesis).

Oh, the *deliciae deliciarum* of a farm house ! So clean, and everything in such apple-pie order—large basins of milk, and such cheeses ! No carpets, but the floors scrubbed so white and smooth that they have become nearly as thin as pasteboard. There is some danger of stepping through, into a domestic circle of young mice—but accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and there are always two or three cats handy to eat them up. Pah ! How can they ?

It cannot have escaped the attention of a nice observer that there are sometimes a few children in and about a farmhouse. Rosy innocents ! How they contrive to put out of sight such vast, thick slices of bread and butter is a mystery to me. They are always eating bread and butter. The minute they get up in the morning, it is "ma, I want some bread and butter;" no sooner do they come in from school, than "give me some bread and butter" resounds with startling distinctness through the echoing halls, and, briefly before they all tumble into the same trundle-bed, rises on the still air of the summer's night, "I haint had my bread and butter." Kissing is a favorite amusement of mine. I frequently kiss children ; but I should advise bachelors generally, before indulging in so harmless a recreation, to ascertain precisely how long it had been since their dear, precious, cherry lips had been redolent and glistening with "bread and butter."

Young ladies, who have been all winter long, cooped up in brick walls, "cabined, cribbed, conf—" excuse me !—largely exult in the liberty of farm-house precincts.

"Room enough to romp, here—isn't there ? Mary Ann !"

"My ! what fun we will have ! No-

thing to do from morning till night—no work—no sewing—no books—hateful things!"

"Oh, Nancy, did you ever? If there is not the dearest pet of a lamb! Poor thing—it has lost its mother. Catch it, and give it some of this nice plumb-cake! What a splendid time we shall have!"

Doubtless—very splendid, and spent in a manner so worthy of accomplished misses. Three months' vacation and nothing to do! There is an Elysium for female eyes, fairer than ever poet painted or rapt devotee saw in the ecstacy of beatific dreams. But let me not grow ironical as my hair grows grey. Why quarrel with the merry joys of youth? Dance, ye bubbles—dance sparklingly, while ye may, on the swift-gliding stream of life. Play in the sunshine, catch every hue and reflect it, run to the top of the wave and gleam and glitter as ye run. The flowers are fair around you and the air is pure. Soon, too soon, will the billows that waft you grow dark in the cool shadows around; soon will you slowly sail—but what am I talking about? Am I asleep? Moralizing! Pardon me—it is never polite to grow serious in polite companies. If you please, Miss Thompson, we will enter the farm-house and to "dinner with what appetite we may."

Greens! Was there anybody, since the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, or the settlement of our Dutch ancestors in this Island of Manhattan, who ever sate down to a dinner in a farm-house that they didn't have greens! Dandelions, turnip-tops and similar verdant abominations—abstracted unseasonably from "the lowing herds that wind slowly o'er the lea" or occasionally jump over fences, smash into conservatories of cucumbers. Cucumbers too! cold cucumbers beautifully immersed in thin vinegar—excellent for the heart-burn according to the homœopathists—*similia similibus curantur*. Cabbages too! "Giant roses wrapped in green surtouts" double-breasted and padded. A man may be forgiven for writing like a tailor on such a topic. Pork—pork, boiled plain without

truffles, *an naturel*, as the French have it. I flatter myself that I am a Christian, but I hate pork like a Hebrew. "After which," in the language of the play-bills, "after which," though not "for the first time this season," nor "for the last time before its departure for Europe" either, by many appearances, *suet dumpling*! How that conglommerated mass of flour and fat ever got so thoroughly into the gastronomy of a farm-house that it never can get out, it would be an interesting result of very deep antiquarian research to discover. The celebrated Beau Brummel, upon being asked if he was fond of vegetables, replied that he remembered once having ate a pea; if any body can say as much for a *suet dumpling*, a whole one, eight inches in circumference, flattened at the ends like the globe, why—if it be a female, let her say to the Princess Glumdalke in Gulliver's travels, thou art my sister, and, if it be a man, let him astonish the Boa Constrictor with the exclamation "thou art my brother." Tom Hood, in longing for "green fields and pastures new," and deplored that he is compelled to be shut up in town, speaks of an "endless meal of brick." Pleasant, light diet, we can assure him—a perfect whipped-syllabub, in comparison with *suet dumpling*.

That's all. Dinner is over. We sate down at twelve—primitive hour!—and now it is a quarter past. Time enough for the bill of fare to be thoroughly discussed, with the aid of two huge mugs of cider, "hard cider," and last year's pickles. We rise with sensations truly delightful. Did'st thou ever, oh reader, during the days of thy youthful pilgrimage, in thy haste, for some reason best known to thyself, while endeavoring to quit the interior of an apple-orchard, crawl, under a "rail-fence," instead of vaulting over it—by which thou wouldest be rendered more liable to impertinent observation—and, in the act of thus crawling, after thou hadst forced through thy head and shoulders, become suddenly fixed, by reason of not being able to make the adjoining portion of thy body

follow, in consequence of a more than usual distention from the Eve-tempting fruit—(whew! what a sentence! Classical too—*a la Virgil*) and didst thou, after being in this “fix,” find it impossible, like the regulator of a bad watch, to *avance* or *retard*, and feel the rail, sharp rather, bearing down upon thy *juste milieu*? Dids’t thou ever? Well—it served you right.

Too hot to walk out, ladies, as you very judiciously observe. Too hot to drive. What shall we do for the next five hours? Read? I beg you will not go to sleep till I begin. Play at backgammon?

“There, now; I forgot the board after all!”

“I knew you would, Mary Ann, you are always just so stupid.”

“Why didn’t you remember it yourself then?”

Suppose we change the subject, fair disputants; warm conversation in warm weather is like painting the lilly—a superfluity. Little girl, bring some ice!

“Haint got none!”

How foolish to ask for it! who ever heard of ice in the country?

“What *does* make that baby cry so?”

“That baby! those babies, you mean; which resemble the cherubim in nothing else, except that they ‘continually do cry.’”

“What shall we do? ‘Ay, there’s the rub!’ But a few hours ago you were expatiating in the pleasure of having nothing to do. Let us do nothing. Happy privilege! Charming exemption! Homefelt delight! “Such sober certainty of waking bliss we never,—the quotation is somewhat musty: less so, however, than this best parlor with its paper window-curtains to correspond with the hangings, which have not been exposed to the air and light since the Vandervreutzelz were here, last summer.

“But we must *do* something.”

“Call the little girl, then.”

We shall here take the liberty to digress. Before the little girl shall come in, we will, after the approved fashion of some distin-

guished novelists, who, after introducing a character in the midst of a very interesting dialogue or on the eve of the happening of some most momentous event, stop for two or three chapters the progress of the narrative, to tell you all about him, his ancestors for six generations before him, and would tell you of his posterity for as many generations after him, if they could—so we (that’s classical—“so we” is decidedly classical) so we will pause to make a few remarks on little girls in general, and this little girl in particular. Of little girls in general, it may with truth be observed that they are very like other little girls; but of this little girl in particular, it may be said without fear of contradiction, that she was “a small servant”, very like the Marchioness, who made-believe wine with orange-peel and water, while in the service of that rascal Sally Brass and *his* brother, in which situation she won the heart of, and ‘passed the rosy’ to, the immortal Richard Swiveller. Did I call the little girl a *small servant*? I did, but should not; she was *the help*. Madam, be so good as to notice the article; I said *the help* not *a help*. The folks at the farmhouse, where my friends the Browns took “lodgings for the season,” and to which they invited me to accompany them, “couldn’t afford, as they phrased it, “to keep many help.” They did not seem to consider, that the receipt of no very moderate sum per week for “board and washing,” ought to have enabled them to afford it. Let me enumerate the family. There was Deacon Spaulding, the old man, and *Miss* Spaulding, the old woman; there were five hired men and a boy, to “do up the chores out o’ doors, and go arter the keows,” who exulted in the name of Nicodemus; seven children—every mother’s daughter of them girls, and six “boarders.” The “help” consisted of Lucy, the little girl. She was the child of a poor widow, who lived or rather tarried somewhere in the neighborhood; and she was “took” by *Miss* Spaulding, to be brought up. Now *Miss* Spaulding, or “the old woman”—as she was elegantly termed,

(I suppose because she was a sort of companion-piece to "the old man,") by Nicodemus, the cow-compeller—did the cooking, the baking, the washing, the ironing, the scrubbing and "general house work," and Lucy did the rest; viz., the running, the waiting, the bringing, the carrying, with countless *et ceteras*. And nothing more was required of her, except to be in fifty places at the same time, and to blow the horn to call the "men-folks" home to dinner, when Nicodemus was elsewhere, which, to do him justice, he always was; for it occupied him all the "forenoon," to drive the cows to the pasture, and all the "afternoon" to drive them back. I omitted one performance of Lucy's,—she *milked* the cows. But the reader may as well class this with the *et ceteras*, since I may call to mind other omissions.

That Lucy was a remarkable person. I remember another thing; she took care of the baby, and "saw to" the other children. "They were seven," as Wordsworth pathetically observes. The eldest two, twelve and ten years of age, went to school every day, and, as they had three miles to walk, they took their dinners in a basket,—that is, "bread and butter." The remaining five were promiscuously arranged in the Family Bible, from eight years to three months. These Lucy took care of, and "saw to." Poor Lucy! Nonsense—she was no such thing. She was the merriest little cricket that ever chirped. She was always alive and busy as a bee. Her work was continually done, and that was, as Sir Walter Scott expresses it, "extremely considerable." I am convinced that the fairies helped her, or she would never have got through with it. Lucy was just turned of fourteen, and she positively accomplished more than six women would, came they from the best Intelligence-office in the city. Lucy was a beauty. Her eyes were black, and large and limpid as an antelope's—to whose graceful figure her own might well be compared. Her hair tumbled down her neck in a cascade of glossy curls, which seemed to twist about

like water-wreaths, and I was afraid sometimes they would *flow off*. Her feet, though she was forever on them, were small in the thickest of shoes, and when she went barefooted—Venus de Medici!—what a foot! Her hands, though they were as brown as berries and "in every kind of muss," as the young ladies say, were small to a fault; they were ridiculous. Nature made Lucy in a frolic—just to show what she could do, when she set about it. Art, I am sorry to observe, had not assisted the efforts of her bountiful parent. Lucy talked through her nose the most un-Parisian Yankee, you could imagine. Her researches in orthography had not extended beyond the word "baker," as it is set down in Noah Webster's Spelling Book. The fact is, Lucy had little time to devote to Belles Lettres studies. Perhaps if she had not been obliged to "see to" the "tother" children, she might, while rocking the baby, have devoted some time to the cultivation of her intellectual powers. I think, however, that, even then, she might have found it difficult to read and understand Carlyle's French Revolution.

Call the little girl then. *Enter Lucy.* (Sweet reader, if you have lost the thread of this discourse, please to go back a little, pick it up and tie it on in this place. Thank you! that will do nicely.)

"Lucy, what can we do to amuse ourselves this long afternoon?"

"Cant tell—unless you are a mind to play with the baby."

Cunning Lucy! she wishes to share with us the burden of the little responsibility.

Voice in the distance—"Lucy!" Exit Lucy.

The last resource has failed; we *must* read—for the young ladies refuse to avail themselves of Lucy's benevolent suggestion. Now what to read is the question. The farm-house library consists of the Columbian Orator, Baxter's Saints' Rest, The Memoirs of Harriet Newell, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Pilgrim's Progress, Edwards on the Will, Robinson Crusoe, Mo-

ther Goose's Melodies and Scott's Commentaries. Interesting works, very ! But, excepting those treating of polemical divinity, the young ladies have in former days, according to their own confession, perused them all. The divinity neither of them would listen to, because, as I felicitously observed, each one of them was a little divinity herself. With your permission, reader, I will, for the *future*, talk of "being out of town" in the *past* tense. Indeed, I always prefer *having been* out of town ; I had enough of it last summer, for I was one whole day with my exquisite fair friends, in that farm-house.

But this is digression again, as Lord Byron frequently observes. Just as we were in a sad quandary to know how we should possibly get through with the rest of the afternoon till tea-time, (blessed hour ! it occurred at five o'clock,) I be-thought me of a volume in my valise. Lucky thought ! It was Henry Taylor's glorious dramatic poem, Philip Van Artevelde. Accordingly, as the baby happened to be asleep just then, and Lucy's dear little foot reposed on the rocker of the cradle, I thought that it was a pity she should be idle ; so I sent her up stairs to "fetch" the book. She came, in something less than a second, and vanished. The young ladies composed themselves into becoming attitudes, and I began. Passage after passage of that elevating poetry did I declaim. Although I almost knew the drama by heart, I became interested in it for the fiftieth time, and read on and on with my eyes

fixed on the pages of the beautiful volume. I was delighted with the breathless attention of my auditory. I came to a deeply pathetic scene. I looked up, seeking for the tearful eyes and sympathetic glances of my sweet, intelligent hearers. They were sound asleep. The noise I made in dashing the book on the floor woke them up. I made no remark but an internal resolution, put on my hat, and walked out to look at some sheep—romantic creatures !

My female "Corinnas" claimed all my devotion for that evening ; we strayed through pleasant fields and pastures near till twilight melted into night, taking note of no extraordinary appearance except a gorgeous sunset, which, as one of the ladies poetically observed, made the clouds look like changeable silk. At nine o'clock, wearied with the extent and variety of our entertainments, we "retired to rest," as they say in Bond Street, or "turned in," as the nautical phrase is.

Now I hate a feather bed. That was a climax of misery, for which I was wholly unprepared ; but there was no help—so into it I tumbled, and dreamed of having broken into the harem of the Grand Vizier at Constantinople and of being smothered by order of the chief of the eunuchs. Wasn't I off—bright and early the next morning ? The young ladies remained all the summer I—hope they read Baxter's Saints' Rest, or helped Lucy with the baby. They invited me to make them a second visit, but I deeply regretted that indispensable engagements prevented me, just then, from "being out of town."

F A L S E H O O D .

THE dream on the pillow
That flits with the day,
The leaf of the willow
A breath wears away ;

The dust on the blossom,
The spray on the sea ;
Aye—ask thine own bosom !
Are emblems of thee.

When I trust the dark waters,
And tempests are near,

List the blue sea's false daughters,
And think not on fear,—

Oh then I'll believe thee
As once I believed,
Nor dread thou'l't deceive me
As thou hast deceived.

When the rose blooms at Christmas,
I'll trust thee again,
Or the snow falls in summer,—
But never till then !

THE TWO VICTORINES,

A TALE OF LA VENDEE.

(Continued.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous perils which, at such a period, might be supposed to impend over unprotected beauty, the romantic walks around the château afforded too strong an allurement to the melancholy temperament and brooding disposition of the sorrow-stricken Victorine ; and M. Clisson, though he frequently warned her against venturing into unknown danger, could hardly bring himself to deprive her of such a consolation by opposing any more serious obstacle to her wishes. The war was, for the present, at some distance : and though the insurrectionary agitations in which the country was involved might offer facilities to the licentious, her retreat was known to but few. Sometimes Madame Clisson accompanied her, sometimes an attendant at a distance tracked her footsteps ; but at such seasons she never entered into unrestrained discourse, and her impatient glances at any humble follower, sufficiently evinced that in her hours of lonely self-communion, she considered even the protection of unassuming friendship an intrusion. Spite of the vigilance and care thus delicately bestowed upon her safety without seeking to interfere with her liberty, she often contrived to steal away unperceived, and sought her favourite haunts. It was no wonder that, thus indulging in the rapture of solitude, her rambles occasionally led her to spots more remote from the chance of succour than prudence might have warranted. It was on one of these excursions that Victorine, unattended and unobserved, was lured by the mild beauty of the evening beyond the limits of her customary walks. The twilight was just beginning to tint with streaks of grey the golden effulgence of sunset, when, wearied with her walk, she sat down on a block of granite beneath the shade of a large tree. A ravine lay below her feet, along the bed of which trickled a small rivulet with a murmur not loud enough to interrupt the music of the moaning breeze, which played among the surrounding foliage. Her spirit entered into

sweet communion with the invisible genii of the elements. Thoughts came crowding thick ; scenes of turbulence and bloodshed presented themselves before the glass of memory, and her mind compared them with the breathing beauty of the present landscape, where, still and holy, all-conscious Nature appeared to hum her vesper orisons to God. Sorrows, pleasures, disappointments, hopes—the terrors of peril, the anxieties of security—her friends, her foes—the companions of her childhood, the visions of youth, the anticipations of age—all she feared, all she hated, all she loved—came floating in a cloud-like procession before her, yet brought no anguish, produced no mirth : all was blended in one undefined, overwhelming impression of delicious and absorbing sadness. Tears filled the eyes of Victorine, and coursed each other silently down her cheeks. With a kind of instinctive impulse she drew forth from her bosom a paper, and played with it in listless abstraction. Then she slowly unfolded it, and taking a pencil which it enclosed, wrote for some minutes, and, finally, glancing over the characters, read in a low tone, pausing, as if to judge of its fidelity by the objects which she had contemplated,—

When the calm summer eve is drooping
Her pinions o'er mountain and vale,
And the stars in yon heaven are grouping
In loveliness over the dale ;
I am sad and I sigh,
Ask my heart, 'twill reply ;
" There's a whisper when twilight is waning,
A murmur of music divine ;
As if Nature, in sorrow complaining,
Then mingled her spirit with mine."

As she pronounced the concluding words she started, for the foliage around her was stirred violently ; she turned her head quickly round, and beheld—Gauret ! Amazement and displeasure withheld her from addressing him.

" Forgive me, lady," he said, " if I have ventured to enjoy the rapture of your presence, and to listen to the breathings of your poesy ; trust me, if evening hath her spells, you are their queen, and can alone awake them."

"Monsieur," stammered Victorine, vainly endeavoring to assume an appearance of self-possession, "this intrusion is unseasonable, unexpected, from one professing to be the friend of him who —"

"Love," exclaimed Gauret, hastily interrupting her, "love watches opportunities, and is too impatient to attend to the etiquette of times and seasons; besides, the loneliest hour is the meetest for preferring the homage of love."

"You have preferred your suit before," she remonstrated, indignantly, "and received, as you deserved, nothing but upbraidings in return for your treachery; is not that sufficient? If honor to your friend, if pity for the helplessness of woman, if forbearance for her wounded delicacy and cruel misfortunes, move you not, your own pride should induce you to avoid one who spurns and contemns you."

"Your taunts are idle, or but add wings to my desires," replied Gauret. "The crag opposed to the cataract does not turn the foaming waters from their course, but causes them to roar and rage with more tumultuous fury. Your coldness, your irony, your bitterness, are vain. Know, lady, the vehemence of true affection overleaps all obstacles, defies all restraint, despises danger, laughs at calumny, disregards insult, and endures all shame—nay, will kneel, as I do now, kneel and adore, though I should be spurned by the foot of my beloved;" and, dropping on his knees before her, he caught the border of her garment and moved as if to hold her to her seat.

"Gauret!—villain!" cried the alarmed Victorine, rising suddenly; "this is language I must not listen to. Begone; or allow me to pursue my way homewards."

"Villain I may be," he said, springing up and grasping her in his arms—"villain I may be, but will not be a dupe. Victorine, you are in my power; will you or will you not heal that anguish of which you are the cause?"

"Talk no more—release me!" screamed Victorine, writhing to disengage herself.

"The rocks and trees will not send forth their spirits to your aid, although their sweetest votary calls them," he murmured hoarsely in her ear; "and hark ye, Victorine, there are caverns nigh, deeper, darker than your dreaming fancies ever pictured."

Half exhausted, Victorine replied not but by a louder shriek of terror.

"Girl, do not madden me!" cried Gauret; "I will not be baffled; swear that you will be mine."

"Be yours!" repeated the trembling Victorine. Then clasping her hands together, and casting a look upon the skies, in which despair was blended with intreaty, she murmured faintly, "Assist me Heaven!" and dropped insensible in the arms of her persecutor. Gauret contemplated with a smile his victim powerless, and at his mercy; his brow grew darker than the night which began to gather round.

"She shall feel my power yet farther!" he muttered, raising her motionless form, and bearing it from the spot. For some time he wound round the hill, until a sudden descent brought him to the ravine before mentioned. Through this he went, examining the hollows and brushwood on either side, as he proceeded. At length he halted, and, drawing away some withered shrubs which concealed it, discovered the entrance of a cave. The faint rays of a lamp struck upon his dark visage and the pallid features of his burden, as he stooped within its low and narrow mouth. He entered, and passing to the lower end of the cavern, deposited his fair charge on a heap of dry straw, gazed one instant on the marble inanimate face as it lay, and departed. He carefully replaced the concealment before the entrance, and then with hasty strides hurried into the wood.

A chilly numbness, and a sensation of shivering and exhaustion were the first symptoms which Victorine experienced of re-awakened life. Hours might have passed during that fearful interval of unconsciousness.

A shudder, beneath whose strength her teeth chattered, and her very limbs drew up with the quivering motion of expiring nature, announced how terribly her situation brought the feeling of horror and despair. Raising herself painfully on her arm, she looked slowly and doubtfully round the dripping sides and craggy moss-covered projections of the cavern. The lamp burnt feebly where Gauret had placed it. From the roof, from the buttresses of rock along the sides, depended huge stalactites, the growth of many, many years, with their sharp and moist extremities, the drops from which told

like the innumerable warnings of death-watches on the hard and rugged floor. Had her spirit already passed into the regions of everlasting misery? Or did her frame yet heave with the breath of humanity? And if alive, was she now enduring a fate scarce less deplorable in the dungeon—the loathsome den of her worst enemy, her predetermined destroyer. Such were the bewildered thoughts rapidly suggested to the imagination of Victorine on this sudden survey of her temporary prison-house, after recovering from that tedious swoon. By degrees, however, reason resumed its unclouded sway; her faculties regained their natural wholesome tone; and ideas of real danger, and calculations on the chances of escape, succeeded to the terrors of superstition and the alarms of fancy. It was evident that she had been conveyed hither by Gauret, or his agents, during her insensibility. What his purpose might be could scarcely admit of a doubt—either to force compliance at once, or attempt to tire her into consent; perhaps, finally, to remove her, like a bruised flower, from his path; or leave her pent in the entrails of the cold earth, without food or comfort, to pine away the wretched remnant of her life. The reflection was too dreadful for endurance. She resolved to try and discover some egress from the cave, and blessed the good fortune which had left her the assistance of a light. Rising feebly, but with renewed hope, she took the lamp from the ledge on which it rested, and treading cautiously, began to explore the various crannies which divided the sides of the cave, and to search round each large block which jutted forwards, though dreading to meet in each unknown recess the wakeful eyes of some villain spy placed to watch her proceedings. She paused to listen ere she entered each broad shadow, and her hand trembled as it held the lamp beyond some projecting angle; while her pale face was bent forward to peer timidly round it, before her foot should place her within the grasp of the ambushed enemy. As she receded from the spot where she had lately lain, she could not help ever and anon turning back an anxious look, half fancying that the lengthening shadows followed her footsteps, and at times assumed a human shape. A loosened pebble, or a detached scrap of clay, giving way to her casual touch, often caused her

to start; and once or twice she mistook the low moaning of the fitful night wind for the inarticulately muttered purpose of the stealthy assassin. At length she felt a fresher air breath upon her face. With invigorated courage she advanced to meet what seemed like the welcome of liberty, of safety, of honor. Her dress caught in some furze which was scattered on her path. Hurriedly she stooped to disengage the encumbrance; and then, oh, joy and gladness! the breeze fanned her in a stronger current, and through a small aperture she could perceive the moon's pale rays on the opposite bank of the ravine. She laid down the lamp and began to remove the brushwood. A large stone lay across the mouth of the cave; but it did not seem of size or weight considerable enough to resist her strength. She was about to make the trial when she heard the sound of footsteps; and she drew hastily back and hid the lamp, while she listened in breathless anxiety. All was silent. Concluding it to be fancy, she again went forward; when the loud growl of a dog once more alarmed her, and obliged her to desist. Despair, however, supplied her with resolution.

"It is not a hostile sound," she thought; "it may only indicate that friends are nigh; dumb animals walk not the hill-side for purposes of mischief;" and the third time she applied to her task, but scarcely had laid her hand upon the stone when the sound of footsteps became so audible, that she crept cautiously back, pale and trembling; and, staggering, leaned for support against the crag. The steps approached; the dog again growled; and immediately before the entrance which so shortly before promised a speedy retreat, a human voice howled in wild and maniac accents:—

"Nor father nor mother of mine hath a grave;—
One sleeps in the wood, and one sleeps in the wave."

In silent terror Victorine stood and heard the strange ditty. Its meaning was incomprehensible, and fear was now again overpowering her reasoning faculties. A pause of deep silence ensued, and she thought the intruder would pass on. But, no! his rustling tread still resounded from without; and then he had evidently grasped the impediment at the entrance, and was removing it from its place. Victorine remained stationary no longer; but

taking the lamp, replaced it where she had found it, and hastened to conceal herself within one of the cavern's gloomy cavities. From her hiding-place she could see what passed, and she watched with the intensity of frenzy for the issue. Presently the party pressed through the opening, followed by a large dog, which carried in his mouth a small basket, apparently well filled. The appearance of the stranger was in keeping with the unearthly and ominous terror of his first announcement. He was tall, bony, and emaciated. His feet were shoeless; and the long matted, elfin locks, which flowed from his uncovered head, together with his long beard, showed a considerable period had elapsed since the razor and scissors were the essentials of his toilet. The garments, which hung in tatters upon his gaunt person, consisted, as by design, of all the colors of the rainbow; and he strode up the cave until he reached the straw pallet, when he stopped with a look of surprise to find it vacant; and then laid himself down upon it, and, putting his face to the ground, hummed, in a low, mournful tone,—

"I came to see the lady, and the lady is gone; does she too sleep in the wood?" Then, raising his voice, "Fido!" he cried to the dog, which had attended him closely, and laid down the basket by his side, "Fido, look for the lady!"

With instinctive sagacity, the animal immediately commenced to examine every nook and crevice of the place. Victorine shrunk into the extreme corner of her lair, in the vain hope to elude the dog's vigilance. She knew not why, she felt the presence of that mysterious being more terrible even than that of the cold-blooded and armed murderer. She could not help regarding him as the incarnate demon of desolation. Meanwhile, he spoke not, but lay quietly watching the motions of Fido. Suddenly, the dog halted; he stood before the hiding-place of Victorine, first uttered a low growl, and then barked aloud. The strange being started to his feet: Victorine uttered a piercing shriek, tottered from her concealment, and, palsied with terror, knelt on the flinty floor.

"Mercy—mercy! spare me!" she cried, scarcely conscious of the words she spoke. The dog advanced.

"Down, Fido, down!" shouted the stranger. Fido crouched at his master's

feet, who in the humble posture of an abject suppliant, instead of assuming the imperious attitude of an arbiter of destiny, prostrated himself before Victorine.

"Rise, good lady," he said, "fear me not. André is as honest as poor Fido that follows him, and is his only friend."

Encouraged by the submissive and gentle demeanor of her wild companion, Victorine arose.

"Who are you, and what are you?" she asked falteringly.

"An honest man, dear lady—one that neither hates God nor fears the devil—one that is willing to do a good turn for man or beast, much more to succour a woman in distress;" then, relapsing into the wanderings of mysterious madness—"There was a woman who was kind to me; she clothed me, and fed me, and smiled on me, and called me gentle names. There was a storm; the lightnings flashed, and the rain poured, and the thunderbolt rent, and the hurricane howled, and the cataracts roared, and the big trees bent and strewed the ground; and André was cold—so cold." Then raising himself on his knees, and elevating his voice, he continued, "And André heard a shriek, a shrilly shriek; and it was not a spirit that cried in the tempest; and then there was a sword—a sword—a sword, and it flashed so brightly, and all was changed. The black sky grew red, and it rained blood; there was blood on the hill, and blood on the heath; the trees were red, and the streams ran blood. André saw nothing but blood; and then all was still—so still again; the storm was hushed, and the sword was gone." He paused, fetched a heavy sigh, fixed his eyes on vacancy, and then chanted:—

"Nor father nor mother of mine hath a grave;—
One sleeps in the wood, and one sleeps in the wave."

The disjointed sentences and obscure language of the maniac fell on the ear of Victorine like the dark revelations of secret destiny. A something of intuitive sympathy worked within her bosom, as she felt the horrible connexion between his incoherent ravings and her own fearful experience. The allusion to the storm, the shriek, the sword, brought dreadful visions before the eye of fancy; and with parted lips and limbs that almost refused to perform their office, the accents of dread were listened to.

"Strange creature, who shrieked?" she ventured to inquire.

"Hush!" he answered, putting back with his thin long hands the matted hair which fell over his brow, and glancing round the cave a look pregnant with intense meaning—"hush! we must not awake her; she has been sleeping soundly this long while. Yes! it was she that shrieked that night; and it rose above the wind and the waves, and the thunder could not drown it, nor the forest smother it. And then the woman that smiled on me slept; but she never smiled on André again! Dear lady, do not frown on me. All was still even as now when she who fed me ceased to smile; if you frown, you will sleep also, lady!"

Victorine tried to smile.

"Poor André!" she said, suppressing her inward terror; "you shall be my friend: let us go home."

The word shot like flame through his withered memory, and reason resumed at once her transient throne.

"Not to your home, lady," he said: "dangers there beset you at every step. Oh lady! I have followed all your wanderings, though you saw me not. I soon discovered his foul intent, and I watched to cheat him of his prey. No, no! eat, eat, lady!" bringing the basket, and taking from it the provisions it contained. "Eat, drink, and be refreshed; then come to André's home. André will guard you safe through all; faithful Fido will assist me. Eat! the provisions were brought for your use; I came to relieve you and rescue you!"

"But who is he you dread?" asked Victorine, taking a portion of the proffered viands.

"He is called by another name," remarked André.

"Gauret?"

"The same, lady. His emissaries lie in wait at this moment to seize you on your attempting to reach the château; if you remain here, it will not be long before he revisits you, and bears you hence to some distant place—such is his purpose. But, no! confide in André—André, who will yet gloat upon his dying agonies! André will conduct you safely, will shelter you until the peril of the night be past. André is king of the woods; come to André's home—"Where the birds sing prettily, the owls hoot merrily, The grass grows green, and André laughs cheerily."

Victorine was surprised, perplexed. There was hardly a choice left her. The account given by André of the measures of Gauret was but too likely true; and yet there was a clouded mystery round him who offered to be her protector, which aroused every feeling of natural and superstitious apprehension. How knew she whether he appeared in his real character? Whether it was not assumed for a sinister design? Besides, whither was he to conduct her? Was the place he called his home near or remote? And if a maniac, might she not become the victim of some sudden transport of frenzy?

André seemed to understand her thoughts, for he prostrated himself a second time at her feet, and implored her to lay aside all fear.

"The time presses," he said; "a few minutes longer and my good offices will not avail you!"

Victorine saw that decision was at all events necessary, and intimated her assent. Any thing was better than falling alive into the power of the ruffian, Gauret. She directed him to proceed. With the officious assiduity of an imbecile, André made the little arrangements for departure. He returned the unconsumed provisions to the basket, and consigned them to the care of his four-footed attendant, took the precaution to trim the lamp, so as to deceive a casual spy, and preceded Victorine to the entrance, pointing out the smoothest and easiest path. At length they emerged into the ravine. The bushes and slab were replaced by André. The broad moon silvered over the peaceful hill and silent crag; Fido trotted on before; and Victorine soon lost sight of her late prison, and was threading the mazes of the forest wilderness.

CHAPTER VI.

On that night uneasiness and alarm were busy in the château of M. Clisson. Lights passed and repassed the casements, and torches blazed fitfully through the shrubberies, while many an anxious face might be seen peering into their shades, and the confused hum of numerous tongues disturbed their tranquillity. The whole household were engaged in searching for the missing Victorine. But none could give a clue to the recovery of the lovely

truant. And when tears and lamentations were beginning to succeed to fruitless efforts, the barking of a dog and a loud knocking at the gate suspended their ebullitions of regret.

"Who's there?" demanded one who had advanced to the portal. The same wild and startling ditty which had thrilled the heart of Victorine in the cave rose in reply:—

"Nor father nor mother of mine hath a grave;—
One sleeps in the wood, and one sleeps in the wave."

"An uncommon visitor; and, as I think, too equivocal in character to be admitted," remarked the man.

"Perhaps some parentless idiot wanderer; open the gate!" said M. Clisson, whose prudence generally gave precedence to humanity. The servant obeyed, and all scattered back, as André, covered with perspiration, and breathless with running, rushed into the midst, followed by his dog. The strangeness of his demeanour, the wild fierceness of his looks, suggested the idea of assassination, and several strove to arrest his progress; but with the strength of the maniac he dashed aside every obstacle, and stood beside M. Clisson, to whom he handed a billet, and then prostrated himself submissively at his feet. M. Clisson examined the contents of the billet,—they ran thus:—

"MONSIEUR:—

"Arm in all haste. A body of the enemy approaches, and will attack the château to-morrow—Gauret is at their head. Protect Victorine—I shall be forthcoming to the rescue. You may rely on the message and the messenger."

"PIERRE RIALLO."

"Attack the château!" commented M. Clisson, disregarding all else but the intelligence he had received. "They may think themselves lucky if they even reach it. Thank Heaven, we are beforehand with the fiends. My love," continued he, turning to his wife, "we must resign Victorine to Providence; He will protect the innocent. At present we must attend to weightier matters; the war is at our doors. Read that billet."

"She whom you look for is safe," interposed André, who had risen, and surveying the torches and throng of domestics, guessed the object of their solicitude. The words drew the instant attention of Henri.

"Who is safe?" he inquired; "Victorine?"

"Ay, monsieur," answered André.

"Safe! where is she?"

"Oh! yes—she is safe:" said André, "Where the flowers are safe, and the leaves on the trees are not torn by the hand of a murderer, there is no storm; and she did not shriek when she slept safe in André's home,—

"Where the birds sing prettily, the owls hoot merrily,
The grass grows green, and André laughs cheerily."

Then, apparently reluctant to endure farther question, he darted through the gate and regained the wood, leaving the doubts respecting Victorine's fate still more embarrassing and terrible than ever. But time was precious, and all other anxieties were lost in that of preparation for the enemy. Henri delivered rapid orders, and servant after servant were despatched in various directions. Some who had to traverse a greater distance were commanded to take horse; Clisson intreated Victorine to retire to rest, and occupied himself in superintending arrangements for the refreshment of the expected succours. After some time, groups of peasants began to arrive, armed in whatever way chance had supplied them; and exchanging, as they entered, hasty but hearty greetings with Henri. All were orderly, and in high spirits, rejoicing in the occasion which called them forth, and already buoyant in the anticipation of victory: Henri was everywhere. Already had he commenced the barricades which were to give shelter to his retreating troops, and all was bustle and animation. The clashing of weapons, the sound of hammers, the stroke of the sharp axe, arose during the night throughout all the apartments and offices of the château.

The beams of early morning chequered court and covert, and Clisson yet toiled with unabated vigor.

The château was converted into a fortress. Every window was barricadoed, and furnished with loop-holes for the convenience of its defenders. Around each avenue, through the darkened hall and chambers, along the gloomy galleries of his own mansion, M. Clisson, with busy zeal and serious aspect, paraded with a train of rude pioneers, raising palisades, strengthening the entrances, and adding in every spot something to its means of defence. Nothing was omitted which the industry of the peasants or the ingenuity of their

lord could furnish, to render it available for a final and desperate stand in case of defeat in the open field. Under the superintendence of these active agents, the place quickly assumed, like the hardy troops who were destined to man it, an appearance of rude strength and sullen hostility. Groups of half-armed peasants sauntered through the grounds, conversed in the court-yard, or indulged their appetite on the fare which their master had provided, under tents spread for their accommodation. In the pride of baronial magnificence, in the consciousness of holding their hearts in his possession, M. Clisson passed through the ranks of his retainers, receiving their rustic courtesies, and returning their salutes, shaking hands with one, joking with another, remarking upon the height and sinews of a third, and delighting all, while all followed his noble figure with their eyes and wishes, proudly anticipating in him the leader who was to head and cheer them on to victory.

The detachment destined to guard the château was selected, and the main body of the rustic warriors filing from the gate of the château, when M. Clisson lingered to bid a fond adieu to his much loved bride.

"The hour of trial has come," she whispered, leaning tremblingly on Henri, "and I feel my weakness. Would I might accompany you! Who will protect me here?"

"The trial will soon be over, my love," he answered; "I shall return victorious. You will be here to give a joyful welcome; besides, you are captain here, and must sally forth to succour me, if you see me in danger. Eh! my Victorine—won't that be glorious? But look! my men are fast disappearing in the forest—I must away—remember—"

"That I am the wife of Henri Clisson—I will!" exclaimed she firmly; "and now, Henri, to victory!"

"Thanks, thanks for that word!" said the enraptured Henri; "it will be strength to my arm, and lightning to my sword—and now—" They pressed each other in one ardent long caress—the word "Farewell!" was mutually pronounced, and the young bride felt her husband by her side no more. She saw him mount his charger—dash through the gate—approach the verge of the forest—turn, and mark the place where she was standing—take off

his plumed cap, and wave it high in air, while he bowed low upon his saddle; she thought she could hear him repeat the parting word. He again put spurs to his horse and he was gone.

CHAPTER VII.

André had for some little time been a well-known and trusted agent between the rustic royalists inhabiting the villages within the domain of the château. The peasants thought him likely to be unsuspected, and found him to be faithful, and, notwithstanding his aberrations of intellect, inspired with an invincible hatred to the republican cause. They supplied him with whatever he required as a reward for his services, frequently indulging him in luxuries to which they were themselves unaccustomed, as he never would accept of money. On the same night that he rescued Victorine from her perilous situation in the cave, he met Pierre Riallo, who had just arrived at a village, where André went to procure some necessaries, and was engaged to carry his message to Clisson of the enemy's approach. Some two or three hours after he had departed from the château, André rejoined Victorine, and leading her by the hand, they threaded one of the most rocky and intricate portions of the sequestered country. The dog, his constant companion, was at his side. Sometimes they followed the declivity of a hill, or ascended the heights by irregular steps in their rocky sides. At length they came to the place which André called his home; it was a low, rude sort of hut, constructed of the branches of trees; but, before they entered, Victorine was conducted a few yards farther into the thicket.

"Hush!" he said, treading with much caution, as if fearful of disturbing some individual's slumber. "Hush! she sleeps—sleeps, but does not smile. There is no blood here; but she will sleep for ever!"

Victorine observed, with a shudder, some fragments of a female's dress on the bushes to which he pointed, as he turned from the place.

"Remember!" he whispered, "Dela-ville—no—Gauret—Gauret did it all."

This was all that could ever be gleaned from André of the dark transactions of which Fate had made him a witness, and

which had turned his brain ; conjecture was left to paint his parents the victims, one of the perfidy, and the other of the vengeance, of the designing Gauret—and this was all.

They then entered the habitation of André, and Victorine partook of the provisions which he had provided. He scarcely tasted anything, but sat watching, with evident satisfaction, the justice which his fair charge did to his fare ; and occasionally throwing a morsel to Fido, while he patted him fondly on the head. When the repast had concluded, André brought a bundle from a corner, and laid it before Victorine. She opened it ; it contained a suit of peasant's clothes. Victorine smiled her thanks, as she turned them over ; and André repaid this token of her approbation with a repetition of his ditty :—

“ The birds sing prettily, the owls hoot merrily,
The grass grows green, and André laughs
cheerily.”

On a bed of dried leaves Victorine betook herself that night to repose ; and as she slept, André sat and gazed on her with unclosed eyes. Fido, too, watched beside her—for his master ordered him to do so. And thus the party waited the approach of day.

CHAPTER VIII.

Madame Clisson moved not from the casement whence she saw her husband depart on the day of battle. She took no refreshment ; she held communication with none. How tediously rolled away the hours of the morning ! while every footstep, every far-off echo, brought alarm to her excited fancy. At last the uncertainty of silence ceased to be felt ; and the sounds of strife, no longer deceptive, were wafted from far on the noontide breeze.

And first, rendered faint by distance, the scattered discharge of musketry was heard ; and the advance of the troops might be nearly traced by the gradual increasing loudness of the reports. Then the smoke from a peasant's gun began to be perceptible at intervals above the woody covert ; and the simultaneous burst of the regular platoon, coming with heavier and more ominous note, and shewing a thicker volume of sulphureous vapor, announced where the approaching and harrassed republicans had found, or fancied they had

found, a lodgment of their wary and scarce visible opponents. The bugle signal gave birth to a thousand echoes of the hills, and was answered by the still quicker and closer fire of the soldiers. Still the strife drew nigher. Even the voices of the leaders became audible, and a solitary flash from beneath the tuft of brushwood, or from behind a sheltering rock, revealed where the Vendean aimed his fatal bullet against the enemy's column. “ Vive la république !” was the shout which then broke upon the ear, succeeding to a heavy volley, that poured the hissing messengers of death through a gorge in the forest. “ Vive le roi !” answered the Vendees, replying with a broken, but deadly, discharge to the thunder of the foe ; while a body of them, in apparently irretrievable disorder, swept from the wood into an open field, skirted with broom and furze, the taller forestry and more undulating country forming the background of the new position to which they hastened. Ere they could reach this shelter, another volley rolled upon their retreating steps. A few of their number lay motionless, or agonised upon the blood-stained sward ; but before the foremost of the enemy had shewn himself in the unimpeded space, the peasants had secured themselves once more, and again commenced to issue their irregular and destructive fire on their disciplined assailants. On came the blue uniforms and glittering bayonets of the republicans, filing steadily from the wood, and forming with beautiful precision in the field ; while with looks of triumphant defiance they every instant closed up their serried ranks over the body of a comrade, who fell pierced from the last stronghold of, as they conceived, their defeated foes. And still platoon after platoon of those yet embosomed in the wood told where they kept in check other detachments of the peasantry, who pressed perseveringly upon the regular troops, as these advanced against the insurgents in front. By this time a considerable number of republicans had deployed before the wood, and their line had already begun to blaze upon the coves, which, slow and heavy, “ like the first drops of a thunder shower,” rained death upon the marshalled ranks. Then in front, flank, rear, the conflict raged. From the recesses of the wood, from the patches of open country, from brushwood and from hillock, until the note of the

bugle, the shouts of the warriors, the fierce trample of many feet, were all which could be heard; a glancing sword, a dancing plume, the flash of the volley, all which could be distinguished amid the roar and smoke of combat. At length a deep boom, which seemed to shake the hills, rolled in pauses on the air—a sound in which the minor tumult appeared hushed, as the prattling of children by the voice of a giant: it was the roar of cannon. Presently, on the artillery came, and Gauret's voice was heard shouting:—

“Sweep down the copsis—level every hedge; leave not the rebels a stone to shelter themselves!” and the broad flash and sullen roar of the pointed cannon gave answer to the order and the threat. The crashing of brushwood, and of splintered rocks mingling with the clattering of continuous musketry, succeeded each discharge. Annihilation threatened the defenders of the bocage; it was only for a moment.

“Forward, and seize the cannon!” called out the hoarse tones of Pierre Riallo through the obscurity of combat. The copsis ceased to rain their fire! the cannon flashed once more; and then the shouts and the clashing of steel announced that the combatants were engaged in hand-to-hand conflict. The fire on all sides slackened; the smoke rolled partially away, discovering the gapings in the line of the republicans, the swarthy peasants crowding on, and encountering their disciplined foes.

From the period of that final onset, Pierre Riallo sought for nothing, saw nothing, but Gauret; and Gauret, though strong, and young, and brave, yet, like Macbeth, shrunk from that encounter. Thrice on that day a tall, uncouth form, which he could recognise, crossed his sight; and thrice he thought he heard a soft, familiar voice remembered well, whisper in his ear the dark presage of destiny. But in vain his spirit cried, “I will not fight with thee!” the eagle-eye of Pierre—the injured Pierre, was upon him. The bloody blade, the eager arm of Pierre, pursued him; and stained as he was with treachery and crime, he was still too valiant to desert his troops or offer the back of a coward. At last they met.

“Villain, I have thee!” exclaimed Pierre, as their swords clashed.

“And I thee!” was Gauret's stern, un-

bending answer; and the struggle—the fall of surrounding hosts, was nought in comparison with the deadly hatred with which each sought but the immolation of the other.

Meanwhile, Clisson, in the wood, urged his peasants against the republicans opposed to him there: the defeat of the latter was the result; and while the rival leaders in front were engaged in deadly combat, the disordered and discomfitted regulars rushed upon the rear of their own comrades. The peasants pressed closely after. A panic ensued. Those who had been steady gave way: all broke up and took to flight; and the copsis and coverts around were filled with scattered parties of flying soldiers and pursuing peasants; when the hilt of Pierre's sword smote against the heart of his foe, and the fall of Gauret and the shout of victory occurred at the same instant.

At this instant a long loud howl rose above the subsiding clamor of the strife, and then the already known couplet swelled forth beneath the heavens:—

“The birds sing prettily, the owls hoot merrily,
The grass grows green, and André laughs
cheerily.”

And as the wild diapason closed, the mad melodist burst from the covert, tossing up his arms in savage ecstasy, and gazing fiercely about. As the vulture scents his prey, and flies direct upon it, André rushed to where the prostrate body of Gauret lay, and bringing himself, with one foot extended, suddenly up to his full height, throwing back his head as in disdain of the locks which would impede his view, and drawing his arms, with the hands desperately clenched, as if to discharge their full fury upon the foe, he stood with flashing eyes, and shouted:—

“Nor father nor mother of mine hath a grave;
One sleeps in the wood, and one sleeps in the
wave.”

That fearful couplet seemed endowed with a charm to wake the dead. The apparently lifeless form of Gauret rolled slowly over; then the dying man raised his head, and fixed his eyes upon the face of André. An expression of horror mocking even the ghastliness of death overspread his features. One hand made a feeble motion, which seemed intended to drive from his sight that hideous apparition—that fiendish memento of the tortures that awaited him. His brow grew black, his eyes

strained, his jaw fell, a slight tremor was observed passing from muscle to muscle, and from limb to limb ; they stiffened, and Gauret dropped a corpse. Guilt had marked his life, and remorse and despair were the last emotions defined in life's expiring energies.

André quitted not his attitude of menace until the last quivering throb had ceased to be perceptible ; then, giving forth a loud howl of derision, defiance and triumph, he rushed out of sight.

CHAPTER IX.

During the whole of the battle, Madame Clisson, regardless of danger, surveyed the scene from the high look-out which she had chosen. The anxieties of love, the emotions of pride, the throb of glory, were in that gaze. The reiterated cheers of the peasants in the château, who had ascended every elevated post to command a view of the fight, and with difficulty refrained from joining their brother warriors—these diverted not her attention. Throughout, she sought but one, and him she saw not. And when she beheld the enemy scattered, and the cry of victory rent the air, she experienced no joy in the sound, since he that was the world to her added not his voice to the shout of hard-earned glory. He was then slain. A cold shudder of despair crept along her flesh ; she was sinking to the ground, when, hark ! 'twas in the wood ! She revived, and gazed again. 'Tis he at last ! lo ! he issues from the wood—his steed is covered with blood, and dirt, and foam. Proudly he dashes forward on that noble and still untired war-horse ; his bloody sword is still unsheathed. He looks up—he sees her. She exulted that she was the wife of Henri Clisson. His head is bare, and he, too, sends forth now the word of victory. Oh ! there was gladness in that sound—there was gladness in the arm which waved that cap—gladness in the plume which expanded, like the wings of glory, in the breeze—there was gladness on the earth over which he rode—gladness in the impatient paces and mettlesome neighing of the gallant animal which bore him—gladness in the air—gladness in the sky—gladness and glory was in all.

"Victory !" shouted M. Clisson, as he

approached. "Fling open the gates—let the unwearied pursue the enemy—forward every man in the château." Joyfully the eager peasants obeyed the order, and with one spirit-piercing cry of welcome to their leader, of vengeance on their foes, rushed forth to the pursuit. With smiling lip and palpitating heart, Victorine Clisson hurried to give her lord the welcome which he had requested at parting. She passed by the empty tents in the court-yard—she is now in the open space. He is nigh—he smiles. In a moment he throws himself from his horse and clasps his beloved wife in his arms. "Thank Heaven," he said, "we are victorious."

To return to Riallo ; after his combat with Gauret, he leaned upon his conquering sword, and saw his enemy expire. Beside him stood a young soldier whose gallantry had been conspicuous all the day, and who had never ceased to attend his footsteps.

"You are a brave youth," said Pierre to him, putting up his own sword, "and shall be rewarded. Follow me ; I go to claim my bride at the château."

"What say you to a young warrior for a bride ?" asked the youthful stranger. "Would Pierre love his little Victorine the less for being, during one glorious day, a soldier ?"

Pierre looked earnestly upon his companion ; the tones of that voice were familiar to him. The stranger took off his cap ; a rich store of unconfined tresses flowed loosely on the shoulders of the peasant.

"Victorine !" cried Pierre Riallo, catching her in his arms.

"Pierre !" returned the discovered betrothed one, as she returned his delirious caress ; and these two hearts rejoiced that their cup of connubial bliss was about to be crowned for ever.

They were then but a short distance from the château, to which they hastened, and arrived at the gate at the moment M. and Madame de Clisson were entering it. They stopped upon seeing Riallo, whom they both congratulated on the happy results of the battle, but how great was their delight when he presented to them his companion in arms, their much loved and so lately deplored Victorine. M. de Clisson hurried the whole party into the château, anxious to hear the details of the eventful circumstances which had befallen her. She recounted all that had happened

since she left the château ; the treachery and villainy of Gauret, they all acknowledged, had met its just reward, and they returned thanks to Heaven for being delivered from such a monster of iniquity.

Three days after the battle, the nuptials of Riallo and his lovely partner in danger were solemnized in the château de Clisson, where the two Victorines continued to live in increasing harmony and affection, for both M. and Madame de Clisson insisted upon Riallo and his wife's taking up their abode with them ; there they remained until the republicans, by renewed successes, had subjugated nearly the whole of La Vendée. The atrocities which they committed upon the royalists who fell into their hands, and the little chance there was of contending successfully against them induced M. de Clisson, though with great reluctance, to abandon his native country. He had now become a father, and anxiety for his wife and boy had

greatly influenced his determination. Fortunately he had taken timely and judicious measures for withdrawing his family from France, he had for some months previously remitted considerable sums to foreign Bankers ; Riallo had done the same, although his fortune was by no means so large as M. de Clisson's. Having finally completed their arrangements, they removed from Clisson, and travelled under assumed names and in disguise to the sea-coast, where a smuggling vessel had been engaged to convey them to the opposite shore. Every measure had been so well combined that they succeeded in getting on board without detection, and in four and twenty hours were landed safely on the coast of Devonshire. They remained in England until the restoration of the Bourbons, when Henry de Clisson and Riallo were among the first to pay homage to their sovereign on his return to the Tuilleries.

CONSTANCY.

BY THE HONORABLE MRS. NORTON.

When in Love's bewild'ring hour,
First I saw thy gentle face
Smiling in thy garden bower,
With such timid blushing grace ;
While the sunset rays declining
Lent thy cheeks a softer glow,
With a glorious halo shining
Round thy pure, angelic brow,
Then, oh then, I sigh'd to be
Master of thy heart and thee !

Since that time, each hour which stealeth
From our happy lives away,
Some new gentle charm revealeth,
And I bless thee day by day !
Yea, thy voice more sweetly soundeth,
To my fond accustomed ear,
And my heart more gladly boundeth
When thy footstep draweth near,
Than when first I sigh'd to be
Master of thy fate and thee !

THE MIGHTY DEAD.

BY WILLIAM H. CRANSTON, ESQ.

The mighty dead ! how calm they sleep,
Beneath earth's cold and sable pall !
Unbroken harmony they keep,
Within death's dark sepulchral hall ;
No vicious passions lurk around
The pulseless hearts of those who lie
Serene, beneath the verdant mound,
Prisoners of immortality !

The storms of time unceasing beat
Rude warfare o'er each dewy bed,
And cities take their hurried seat
Above the empire of the dead ;

But solemn silence reigns within
The aisles of death's imperial hall ;—
This dread asylum man *must* win,
'Tis free for sinner, saint and all.

Ye mighty dead ! in phantom guise,
No storms can break your deep repose !
Rest ! till the spirit of the skies
Reveals the heart's most secret woes ;
Earth's weary children daily yield
Life's frail and evanescent breath,
And rush from time's broad battle-field,
Unto the spectral hall of death.

LAMENT FOR AN EXTINCT ARTICLE OF FEMALE DRESS.

BY JEDEDIAH OLDBUCK, ESQ.

In our younger days, ladies wore pockets—particularly those ladies whose exterior clothing consisted of a husband. But, some years since, this article of female attire, which had existed perhaps from the beginning of the world, was universally discarded, and its place supplied by a certain trifling dangling pretence for a pocket, styled and yelept a *reticule*. If you now inquire how ladies do without pockets, they point to the reticule as that which serves in its stead, and seem to think the one thing a thorough compensation for the other. But suppose you were to burn down the custom-house and erect a sentry-box in its place, you might just as well pretend that the sentry-box was a compensation or substitute for the custom-house. The reticule is not, and never can be, a fair representative of the honest, substantial, capacious receptacle, which our respected ancestresses wore by their sides, one to balance the other, somewhat after the manner of a pair of saddle-bags, while near by depended a pin-cushion of about the size of a reasonable school globe, a goodly pair of scissors, and a venerable article called a *hus'ife*, containing specimens of all sorts of needles from darners downwards. Pockets, in fact, *were* pockets—vessels of extensive capacity and serviceableness; which reticules never can be. The manifest fact is that, in the rage for elegance, pockets were found by the ladies to give a bunchiness to the contour, and for that reason were discarded, notwithstanding their merits on the score of utility. And thus, for the sake of a slimness, which in married ladies is not desirable, a revolution of the most annoying and even disastrous nature has been effected in the household system.

We speak quite advisedly when we attribute such a grave character to this change of fashion; and this, we trust, will be fully acknowledged by our readers. Let us just consider for a moment what ladies' pockets were, and what they did, and what associations of feeling they gave rise to. In the first place, the pockets of the mistress of a household and mother of

a family used to be an ever-ready and convenient place of reference for all sorts of moderate-sized articles, which there might otherwise have been a difficulty in finding when they were wanted. You never could be at a loss for a cork-screw long ago: the mistress was sure to have one in her pocket. No need then for a hurry-skurrying through the house in search of a shoeing-horn to relieve the agonies of an urchin putting on a pair of new shoes: his mamma had the article at command in a moment, and the starting perspiration was instantly repelled. Her pockets were, indeed, a kind of microcosm—an epitome of all that was in the store-room, the dark closet, and even the larder. The only drawback was, that when she was from home, half the miscellaneous articles of the house might be considered as from home too; but, then, the ladies of those days went so little abroad! In the second place, the said pockets were a depot for a vast number of small stray articles, which are constantly seen now-a-days wandering about the house in danger of being lost. If a dame of those days saw so much as a child's marble lying in a corner, she picked it up and clapped it into her pocket. Did she discover a single little stocking in some irrelative place, like the foot-print on the sand in Robinson Crusoe, she popped it into her pocket. Did she find a teaspoon or sauceladle where no such thing should be, it took the same road. Any toy which had served its day amongst the children, and was beginning, accordingly, to be an object for their destructiveness, she whipped out of their sight into that ever-open receptacle, well knowing that it might do good service hereafter, when it had once more become a novelty. The pockets were not the permanent receptacle for all such things; nothing short of a pair of panniers could have been so. But they served admirably as a commonplace book into which things could be entered for the time, to be afterwards at leisure distributed each to its own proper page in the household ledger.

The economy of all this, the saving of fret and worry which it effected, were what

no person of these degenerate days will even be able to understand. To remind our contemporaries of only one article—how much vexation was spared to us long ago by the practice which ladies then followed of carrying their keys in their pockets, instead of, as now, keeping, or pretending to keep, them in a little moveable basket! In those days, everything was obtainable at a moment's notice, because the key which commanded its place of deposit was ever ready. The simple localisation of the keys of the establishment in one of those well-known pockets kept all right. But now-a-days who can tell one minute where a lady's keys are to be the next? Sometimes they are on her work-table in the parlour, sometimes they follow her to her bedroom, sometimes they are snug in a cushioned corner of the drawing-room sofa. Sometimes, strange to say, they seem to have locked themselves up into some place unknown, or, not less wonderful, are declared to be nowhere. We have known tea put an hour behind its time, merely because the keys had made to themselves wings. We have known a lady go out to dinner in a dress which was hardly dress, because access to her drawers had suddenly been found to be impossible. We shall suppose that a friend whom you have not seen for a long time has come home to dine with you, and that you wish, during the repast, to treat him to a bottle of very particular sherry which you have lately laid in. You issue the proper order; but, lo! the cellar key, which was in Mrs. Balderstone's hands only ten minutes ago, if her own story is to be believed, can now no longer be found. Your friend, of course, is in the condition of Mother Hubbard's dog, as far as sherry is concerned, and sets you down for a very strange sort of person. Say, again, you meet with a severe accident, and, from loss of blood, are in a fainting condition. "For any sake," says the doctor, "brandy!" "Brandy!" every one repeats, and instantly all are flying about in quest of—not the brandy, but the keys wherewith it is to be excavated from the wine-cooler. But you might as well call spirits from the vasty deep. The keys have, as usual, gone amiss, and the lock of the wine-cooler, cupboard, or whatever other place, is inviolable. Probably, you have been in seven faints before they are at length found, and the desired article produced.

One of your children is severely burnt. "Oil! oil!" is the cry. But where is the oil? and echo answers—"Where?"

You meet both your servant-girls rushing down the staircase in the greatest haste. You might as well try to stop a whirlwind; but you question them in passing: "Where—where are you going? What in the world are you after?" "The keys! the keys!" Even the little boy who cleans the knives and goes upon errands, is in a state of extraordinary excitement. His mistress's injunctions are upon him, and he has not a thought for anything else. At last, with one eye charged with merriment, and another directed towards a drawer which he has pulled out from the drawing-room table, he ejaculates,—"Mistress,—mistress,—there they are!"

Another case is of such constant occurrence that it has almost ceased to be remarkable. You have sat down to dinner, and all is ready, except the attendant whose duty it is to remove the covers and wait. "Where, where is Mary? Why is she out of the way just now?" "Oh, just have a little patience, my dear; she will be here immediately." You determine to be liberal, and allow a minute. Still no Mary appears. You begin to hear a hurrying across upper floors, and a skiffing up and down stairs. "What is detaining her? Why is she not ready to attend?" "Oh, do, dear, wait a little longer," says Mrs. Balderstone, herself beginning to be a little uneasy. Mary at last comes down out of breath, bearing that signal of your bale—the basket of keys—of which she has, as usual, been in quest, at the command (secretly given) of her mistress.

You lose at length all patience, and take an opportunity some day of telling your spouse a very plain tale; but it is all in vain. Somehow, fifty such incidents as the above impress her mind with the idea of but one occurrence. She admits that some such annoyance happened *once*, but no more. Your asserting that it is of frequent occurrence she takes in great dudgeon, and it is well if she does not end by making herself appear as the injured party, and require a present to dry up her tears withal.

After so many thorough out-and-out grievances, it may almost appear silly to lament the extinction of ladies' pockets on account merely of the pleasant ideas associated with them. Yet, since our hand is

in, we must advert to this part of the case also. Every person of maturish years must have delightful recollections of the interest which used to attach to those honest-like swelling receptacles which hung once by the sides of mothers and grandmothers, not to speak of worthy aunts and grand-aunts, and miscellaneous lady visitors of philoprogenitive dispositions—sure as they were to contain a greater or less store of all the things which children delight in. Reticules never contain coppers—pockets did. Reticules never turn out any such things as comfits or nuts—but pockets were always doing kind actions of that sort. A lady of the old time, who had anything to do with children, always took care to keep her pockets well plenished with such little matters, to be employed at all proper seasons and on all needful occasions, as prudence might direct or opportunity extort ; and thus was a charming bond established between the adult and the young which cannot now exist in nearly the same intensity. Why, we have seen a lady at a friend's table laughingly appropriate, with the full consent of the hostess, the reversion of a whole dessert, consisting of perhaps a pound of raisins, half-a-dozen apples, and a section of cake fit to set up a tea-party, and tumble all into her pocket to be taken home “to the bairns.” Verily, different times was it with younkers in those days, from what it is at present under the reign of reticules ! Here is one great source of mutual love lost to society. Who can tell what may be its effect in future years, as the people that have been born and reared under the reticule régime grow up and take their part in the social and political world ! A most interesting race they were, altogether, those lady-pockets of a former day, with their curious difficulty of access through vertical apertures in the intermediate integuments, and the various external characters which they were always found to bear in accordance with the characters of the owners. It must be remarked, for the information of the youthful part of the community, that

every lady had a pocket in some degree appropriate to her age and position in the world. A youngish lady had but a slight thing of dimity, or some such article. When she grew into a married woman, her pocket grew too, and became of stouter consistence and more bulk and capacity, to suit her new necessities. As her family increased, so did her pocket, until at length, about the time when she proved a grandmother, it had become thick, and strong, and wide, and large, and more like the buckler which a warrior carries by his side than anything else. Some pockets were much more inaccessible and stingy than others ; but with a swelling heart we must do them the justice to say that generosity was the predominant character of the race. A mother's pocket contained a reward for every good deed or service, and a balm for every wound and every woe. It was almost worth while to get a dreadful cut or bruise, in order to experience the unfailing solacement which that pocket could supply. A grandmother's again, although perhaps of homelier stuff, was even more liberal of its good things—grandmothers being fortunately exempt from all those anxieties by which parents allow themselves to be tormented, lest they should spoil or over-indulge the young. We have known a little elf watch an elderly lady visitor of his mother for hours, like a cat at a mouse-hole, eyeing every movement which her hand took in relation to her pocket—now disappointed by her taking out only her snuff-box ; now by her drawing forth her seam that she might fall a-working, in order to improve her time ; but rarely failing to have his assiduity rewarded in the long-run by some proof of her generosity. When we reflect on the feelings of the juvenile world of thirty years ago on all these matters, and consider that such things are known no longer, we could almost conclude that the banishment of the weeping birch, and all the other advantages which the youth of the present day enjoy, or are said to enjoy, hardly form a compensation for the banishment of the ladies' pocket.

THE MOTHER'S HEART;

OR,

THE TRUE HISTORY OF MADEMOISELLE DE LA FAILLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF FREDERICK SOULIE

IN 17—, at Toulouse, an intimacy was formed between M. de Garrau and the family of M. de la Faille—sufficiently close to warrant the supposition that an alliance might probably take place between them. M. de Garrau, captain of artillery in the regiment of —, was a young man of good appearance, wore his epaulette in battle, on parade and at a ball, equally well; talked well and never of himself; fulfilled the duties of his profession better than those who applied themselves more assiduously to it, was well informed and of good capacity, and above all, reputed a gentleman, in a city where a man is considered a *parvenu* even after two hundred years of nobility.

M. de la Faille was a grave and upright magistrate. Born with a timid spirit, but a soul of rectitude, he would not have allowed a word to be changed in the unjust and violent laws which it was his duty to administer; although he never condemned any prisoner to the torture. He was also a man of perfect manners and never introduced the affairs of the court room into society, nor those of society into the court room. He was a widower and had but one daughter. Her name was Clemence. Mademoiselle de la Faille was one of those persons who possess such perfection of form that we call them beautiful, even when homely of feature; but Clemence had a face of such pure and touching beauty, that it caused even her form to be forgotten, and it seemed that all that it was possible to say had been said of her, when her angelic face had been described.

Circumstances seemed to conspire to assure the marriage of M. De Garrau and Mdlle. De la Faille. Their births and fortunes were equal, and their ages perfectly suitable. At the period of which we speak, Clemence was fifteen years old, and George was twenty-five. Neverthe-

less some persons, and those pretending to knowledge of the world, asserted that there were differences of opinion and sentiment between these two young people which would lead to some rupture before marriage, or great unhappiness afterwards.

They said that the calm, even character of George ill agreed with the fire of soul possessed by Clemence; and that, being a precise and rigid observer of propriety, he would certainly be shocked by the hardihood of her remarks and her frequent forgetfulness of that modest limit, the observance of which appears to be a matter of duty, but is in reality the first principle of coquetry in a woman.

But those, who thought they had so profoundly observed these two characters, had taken but a superficial view, and none of them had divined that George was impassioned and ardent, whilst, on the contrary, it was Clemence who was timid and submissive. They had, however, guessed rightly that they were soon to be married.

Already M. de Garrau had addressed himself to M. de la Faille and gained his consent; he also possessed the rights of an accepted lover. Every Sunday, after attending mass at the church of the Daurade, he left to his lieutenant the duty of returning with his company. After saluting M. de la Faille, he gave his arm to Clemence and together they strolled along the course. It was graceful as well as solemn to see them thus united. A virtuous love in two pure souls, accompanied by such perfect beauty; a young girl, still almost a child, resting with confidence and under the eye of her father on the arm of a man also very young, but already distinguished in his profession and possessing qualities to render any woman happy. It is a lovely sight, and one of those harmonies which

exalt human nature in our eyes, and console us for its general moral deformity ; it was a chaste and impassioned picture which all eyes sought and which friends pointed out to each other, but without daring to hope as fair a lot for themselves. Their marriage was looked for as a general holiday.

Sure of the consent of M. de la Faille, certain of Clemence's love, but become timid about telling her of his, George was preparing to obtain the consent of his mother, who lived at Paris, when an incident occurred to overthrow all their hopes and to defer, if not to entirely break off their union. An order arrived from the minister of war for sending M. de Garrau's regiment to India.

One morning, much earlier than his usual hour of calling, M. de Garrau arrived at M. de la Faille's, who was with Clemence, and announced to them this overwhelming news. George's sorrow amounted to despair ; that of Clemence was deep and overwhelming ; M. de la Faille himself remained stupefied. After the first shock of this dreadful misfortune had subsided, they endeavored to struggle against it. George talked of hastening the marriage and taking Clemence with him, if she would consent. M. de la Faille would not hear of being separated from his daughter so suddenly, and of sending one so young thousands of leagues from her country, to a climate which was then considered fatal, exposed to die, or to be bereaved of her husband, when she would be left without asylum or protection. It was not to be thought of. George then insisted on resigning his commission and renouncing his profession ; but he knew little of M. de la Faille to propose this, for he considered it as the folly of a young man, and said that he should feel himself responsible to M. de Garrau's family if he allowed him to do so foolish an act. As a last hope, George tried to persuade the rigorous judge to give him the hand of his daughter but to keep her with him until his return, which was to be in two years. But M. de la Faille would

not listen to this arrangement ; for from the first word of the news he had taken his resolution. When he had time to bring reason a little to bear upon the despair in which the lovers were plunged, he represented to them that they were very young, and could wait ; that two years were hardly to be counted in a life ; that this absence would test their affection, and finally, that such was his unchangeable will. Nothing was left for them but obedience. George submitted with alarming resignation. Clemence with an elevated sadness, as if she found consolation in struggling with misfortune to conquer it, and hoped that her love would seem more heroic and be more dear to George after these two years of delay and separation.

M. de la Faille acted like a wise man when he took the resolution to separate the lovers ; but he showed himself wanting in knowledge of the heart, that he did not, after assuring himself of their obedience, leave them to themselves. He did not understand that there might be between them tears and words, innocent certainly, but which were not for him to see and understand ; nothings perhaps—those holy emotions of the youthful and pure, which the soul wishes as mysteriously veiled as the most ardent passion—a vow pronounced, the eyes of each fixed upon the other, the hands clasped ; he should have given them a moment for mutual explanation. He did not leave them and they remained silent.

When they were at last forced to separate, George, oppressed by this restraint, said to Clemence in a low tone, which was both a command and a request—“ This evening in the garden.” She looked at him and, seeing him pale and trembling, replied in the same tone, “ I will be there.”

M. de la Faille should have known from the tranquillity of their parting that they were to meet again ; but he was wanting in knowledge of the heart and he had not the slightest suspicion.

The evening arrived ; Clemence de-

scended into the garden. Shall we say it? Almost happy to have a cause for remorse, proud of a sweet and perhaps culpable degree of love; for in this she knew no other crime than disobedience to her father. George, on the contrary, almost repented having made the appointment, for he knew the danger of such a meeting. They trembled after greeting each other, and at first remained silent. Then they talked of their separation, and the loneliness they should feel—of how they would employ themselves for the next two years, and how regulate the occupations of each day—they fixed upon certain hours of the night to think of each other, both forgetting that at the distance they were to be parted, the days of the one would be the nights of the other. Their final agreement was to think of each other unceasingly, certainly a surer means of both being similarly employed at the same time. Time had fled rapidly on and they must separate. Clemence was sitting on a bench; George threw himself on his knees before her—"Clemence, are you sure that you love me?" "God is my witness," said she gently, "that I love you, and you alone."

It was, doubtless, the fear of appearing cold to her lover, when he imprinted a first and burning kiss upon her lips, which inspired Clemence to utter these singular words:—

"*George, if I were dead, your kisses would restore me to life.*" With this they parted.

Four years had passed, when George, having landed at Brest a few days previously, took the road to Paris and arrived at his mother's the 5th of June, 17—. A friend had prepared her for his return so that she could enjoy his arrival without fright or shock, for he had been wounded, made prisoner, and for some time considered dead.

His happiness at being restored to her was great, but his mother soon remarked a singular sorrow in his expression, and that his mind was evidently pre-occupied—she questioned, but he excused himself

from answering her questions; she insisted, and her son to quiet her thus avowed the cause of his strange melancholy.

"It is childish, my dear mother, a folly unworthy a man, but since you think I must have serious cause for unhappiness, I must tell it you, even at the risk of appearing ridiculous. I passed before the church of St. Germain des Prés; I saw it hung in black and decorated as for some rich interment. It is certainly a very common thing and would not have affected a child, but it has affected me; and I do not know why, but I seem to read in it a fatal announcement of misfortune. You smile, and well you may; but these years of captivity and horrible suffering have made sorrow so familiar to me that I fear every thing now that I am released from it."

"It is a feeling which proves to me that you enjoy your present happiness since you so fear to lose it," said his mother, "but the habit of enjoyment will soon lead to a feeling of security. As for this burial, it must be that of the beautiful Madame de Seroins, who died yesterday after an illness of hardly three days."

"The *beautiful* Madame de Seroins? was she then so very beautiful?"

"Certainly," replied Madame de Garrau, "and her beauty was so remarkable that she was quite renowned for it—at Toulouse she was always called the beautiful Mdlle. de la Faille."

So simple and sudden a revelation of such a dreadful misfortune, could not enter clearly into George's mind. He looked at his mother in surprise and made her repeat what she had said. Madame de Garrau recollecting that he had lived at Toulouse and supposing that he might have known the lady, was more cautious in her answer, but when she repeated the name of Mdlle. de la Faille, her son fell senseless at her feet as a man stricken at heart by a mortal blow; his eye vibrated like the eyes of one in convulsions, a livid paleness came over his face, his respiration stopped and he

would doubtless have died, had not his despair found vent in the most frightful cries and sobs.

A mother's love must be very powerful; for Madame de Garrau succeeded in calming this dreadful sorrow. It was by talking much of Clemence that she succeeded in fixing his attention, and strange to say it was for her unfaithfulness, rather than her death, that George required to be consoled.

Then she explained to him, that the report of his captivity and death had been spread throughout the country; the unfortunate girl had heard it; she made him understand, that after many tears and much resistance, Clemence had been obliged to obey the commands of her father. All this was so natural that, in inventing a story to calm his feelings, Madame de Garrau had told him only the truth.

Finally, to pour a balm into his soul, she said that perhaps sorrow for his death and her own forced marriage had caused this beautiful woman to die so young, and it was by her admirable tact in flattering his misfortune with the idea of a death suffered for him, that she succeeded in assuaging its bitterness. After having listened to his mother, and wept in her arms a long time, George relapsed into silence, not as a man resigned to misfortune, but like one who conceives a project, deliberates upon it and hesitates about its execution. Madame de Garrau watched with anxiety for some expression in his face of what he felt. Perhaps had he a single time looked at her, as if in despair, she would have feared that he contemplated suicide—but he would have been calm had such been his intention, and he was much agitated, so that she was relieved from that fear. Towards evening she saw him take a quantity of gold, more than enough to purchase arms—probably enough for a journey. She said nothing, however, knowing that opposition would but irritate his feelings.

George left the Hotel de Garrau as soon

as it was dark and took the direction of the church St. Germain des Près, where he learned from the beadle in attendance, in what place Madame de Seroins had been buried. He went to the cemetery designated and waked the guard, who was not a little surprised to see before him a man whose appearance indicated that he was of the upper class of society, and to hear him propose to him to aid in the perpetration of a crime, a sacrilege. George requested him to exhume the coffin of Madame de Seroins and give it to him, to allow him to open it, and contemplate the body of her whom he had so much loved. There was a long discussion; for even the gold, offered by handfuls, was not able to overcome the scruples of the poor grave digger. It was a moment of frightful despair for the young man, for he had fully calculated upon succeeding in his mournful object by working upon the cupidity of the sexton—his very despair however led to his ultimate success.

He clasped the knees of the poor sexton, implored him with heart-breaking sobs, bathed his hands with bitter tears, rolled on the ground; then he became enraged, furious and supplicating by turns—till he caused even that hardened heart to weep, and at last owed to his compassion that consolation which no bribe had been able to purchase.

When all was agreed upon between them—they entered the cemetery, the sexton carrying a shovel and pickaxe and George bearing a lantern. A brilliant moon lighted this horrible ceremony, and not a word was spoken by either George or his accomplice until the coffin was raised and placed on the ground beside them.

The only thing that made George hesitate for a moment, was the first stroke of the hammer upon the coffin to break it. That seemed to horrify him, and as the noise awakened several dogs in the neighborhood, who began to howl, he entreated the man in a trembling voice to separate the boards of the coffin without noise. He

obeyed, and in a moment the body of Clemence lay upon the grass wrapped only in her shroud. The sexton was seated on the ground, his legs hanging over into the grave, and, seeing George remain petrified and immovable beside the cold body, could not help saying, "That is she, there she is!" But George seemed to have forgotten why he came there—he heard nothing—his look was vacant, nor did he comprehend what was said to him; he was completely absent and absorbed. The grave-digger, frightened in his turn at having spoken and obtained no answer, not daring even to touch him lest he should totter and fall with the least movement, ventured to raise the linen which covered the face of Madame de Seroins, and exposed it to the view of him who had dared so much to look upon it. The effect of a talisman could not be more magical. At the aspect of that beloved face whose beauty death had spared, the lover was melted. He fell on his knees beside the corpse and, amidst tears and groans, talked of love, accusing himself of her death, asking her forgiveness, recounting the days they had passed together and their lost hopes. Talking thus to her he raised her in a sitting posture, supporting her with his knee, and watching her sorrowfully.

This delirium seemed as though it was not to end, when suddenly a thought struck him, a memory came like lightning across the storm, and the last words said by those ice-bound lips sounded in his ear. He screamed, and in the transport of a wild hope wound his arms around Clemence, and gave upon those dead lips the kiss which they had told him would restore them to life. To this kiss succeeded a cry from George, then a convulsive trembling, then a frightful laugh; then with a movement quick as lightning he got up, still holding the body closely in his arms, and fled away among the tombs clearing all obstacles and screaming with joy or wild sorrow. He soon escaped from the sexton, who saw him disappear with super-

natural strength and rapidity, like a tiger with his prey. Then the poor man hurried to efface the traces of his sacrilege; he replaced the empty coffin in the grave, threw in the earth and went home, frightened at what he had done and anxious to see what the day would bring forth.

Five entire years passed between this fatal night and the day when the following event occurred, and during all this time nothing caused the sexton to fear any evil consequences to himself from the disappearance of Madame de Seroins' body. It is the anniversary of her death and M. de Seroins is kneeling at the tomb of his wife. At some distance from him stands the guard of the cemetery watching him with a feeling of remorse at his own falsehood, in allowing this virtuous sorrow to expand itself upon an empty tomb. Both are deeply absorbed in their meditations, when a slight noise caused both to raise their heads and a woman stands before them. This woman is Clemence, is Madame Seroins, is the wife so deeply mourned, is the buried corpse! M. de Seroins rises with a cry; the unfortunate sexton falls inanimate to the ground. But the unknown has also regarded the man who rose so suddenly before her; and in her turn, she screams with fright and flies like one crazed. M. de Seroins pursues without being able to overtake her and at the gate of the cemetery he sees her spring into an elegant carriage, which bears her away with all the velocity of which two splendid horses are capable.

An hour after this meeting M. de Seroins was in the chamber of the miserable grave-digger, who expired in horrible convulsions without being able to reply to a single question which was put to him. In the course of the day, the lieutenant-general of police informed M. de Seroins that he had discovered, through his agents, that the carriage and liveries which he had described belonged to M. de Garrau. The next day at the request of M. de Seroins the grave was visited and the coffin found empty and

broken. Meantime Madame Julie de Garrau, a young and beautiful woman whom George had brought back with him from the Indies, where he had married her, had returned home in unaccountable disorder, had entered pale and trembling into her husband's apartment, and remained a long time closeted with him. After the interview, however, she was calm and quite composed, and there was no apparent change in the habits of M. and Madame de Garrau.

More than a fortnight passed and nothing was said of this event, but M. de Seroins surrounded the Garraus with his spies. He learned at the war office the date of George's arrival at Paris and the day of his departure. He discovered the postillions who had driven him to Brest accompanied by a lady veiled. He learned that he embarked with her on board a vessel, of which he obtained the journal; and armed with these terrible proofs, he instituted a suit against M. de Garrau and his pretended wife to annul the illegal marriage which he had contracted with her. The novelty of the case attracted universal attention. Pamphlets were circulated among the faculty, to prove that a lethargy might have assumed the appearance of death. Those who favored this opinion were treated as ignoramus and fools by their brethren of the opposite party. The hours were calculated which Madame de Seroins must have passed in this state, and no case of lethargy could be found on record of equal duration. M. de Garrau himself appeared to pity M. de Seroins, and when he said that the resemblance of his wife to Mdlle. de la Faille had struck him, but not to such a degree as to take away his reason, he said it with such an appearance of truth, that people thought that M. de Seroins had lost his senses or was acting a part. The case meanwhile came before the courts, and Madame de Garrau was obliged to appear and answer the questions put to her by the judges. She was confronted with M. de Seroins and appeared

greatly astonished at the questions he put to her. M. de la Faille came from Toulouse and wept on seeing the remarkable resemblance; he did not know how to speak to this woman who appeared so surely his daughter, and who denied it so peremptorily. The judges astonished, looked at each other undecided and perplexed. Madame de Garrau recounted the history of her life. She said she was an orphan and had always lived in India. Certificates were produced that a Miss Julia de Merval, born at Pondicherry, had there married Colonel de Garrau.

The day for pronouncing sentence had arrived. All the pleadings were terminated, and the members of parliament who composed the court appeared disposed to free M. de Garrau from the singular pursuit directed against him and his wife, when M. de Seroins entered leading a child by the hand. Madame de Garrau was at this moment seated by her lawyer, M. Moizus; and as the crowd was immense, she had rested her head upon her hand to conceal her face from observation, so that she did not see M. de Seroins enter; but all at once she felt a tiny hand pulling hers from her face, and heard a sweet childish voice saying sorrowfully, "Mamma, kiss me." Madame de Garrau raises her head, sees the child before her, recognises her, and without saying a word takes it into her lap and covers it with kisses and with tears.

The wife and the daughter had resisted, but the *mother's heart* had betrayed her. From this moment the suit was not terminated, but took quite another aspect. The advocate of M. de Garrau in his turn demanded the legal dissolution of a marriage which had been annulled by death. "Do not ask back," said he, in his burning eloquence, "do not ask back from the grave what you have given it; leave this living woman to him who gave her life; her existence belongs to him, and you have a right only to a corpse." All was useless. Clemence requested to withdraw into a convent; they would not consent to it, and

a solemn decree condemned her to return to her first husband.

Some days after this decision she returned to the house of M. de Seroins; she was robed in white, and pale in the firmness of her despair. On entering the room where M. de Seroins awaited her,

surrounded by his family, she fell stiff and cold on the floor. All present immediately surrounded her, but only to hear these few words: "I bring you all that you lost." She was dead. She had poisoned herself before leaving home.

LINES ON HEARING THE SONG OF A BIRD DURING A PROTRACTED ILLNESS.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Thou woodland minstrel ! well I love
The music of thy voice,
Thou tell'st me spring hath come, and all
At Nature's youth rejoice;
Her mantle green, with flow'r's bedecked,
Alas, I cannot see,
Of all she gladdens thou alone
Hast said 'twas spring to me.

I love thee prisoned one ! for, oh !
How like thy fate to mine !
We both seem full of happiness,
Yet both for freedom pine.
Thou, to thy woods through those rude bars
Would'st, joyful, wing thy flight,
So would my fettered spirit seek
Its native realms of light.

What Seraph gave those tones of thine
Their soothing potency ?
And taught thee with thy carolling
To bid mine anguish flee ?
For late, as, stretched upon my couch,
Suff'ring and sad I lay,
Thine angel-tutored, warbling, chased
Each torturing pain away.

Sing on—and let those heaven-taught sounds
Around my pillow float—
There's holiness in every strain,
And peace in every note.
I'll join thy song—and patiently
Our fetters will we bear,
'Till time my home of ether shows,
And gives thee thine of air.

"ON NE DORT PLUS,"

SONG FROM THE FRENCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," "FOREST LIFE," &c.

We slumber no more
When the young heart, unveiling
Its innermost core,
Gives to passion a dwelling ;
When unhidden the flame
In the bosom is burning,
Though we scarce know its name
While its powers we are learning.

We slumber no more
When we find to be real
The charms we before
Have adored as ideal ;

When our whole being seems
By some fair one enchanted,
And our thoughts and our dreams
By her bright image haunted.

We slumber no more
When the heart almost breaking,
First learns to deplore
Fell suspicion's awaking,
When jealousy's fire
Our thoughts madly cherish
And alluring the pyre
That consumes us, we perish.

DECOCTION OF ORANGE LEAVES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY THE EDITOR.

THERE lately lived in a village near Paris, a Doctor V——; he is now dead, forgotten by his ungrateful patients, many of whom owed their lives to his skill. In the year 1810 the Doctor was in the apogeeon of his glory, and had the best practice of any physician in Paris. He was tall, well made, had a keen eye, his conversation was fluent and persuasive, and he joined to all these advantages a profound knowledge and much natural tact. No pretty woman could have a headache but he was sent for; people thought they could not die decently until he had been consulted. The Doctor did not neglect to avail himself of his popularity, and became rich enough to be independent of the fashionable world when the fashionable world abandoned him. During the period of his greatest success he fell ill, and his recovery was greeted by the universal joy of his patients.

One of them who was something of a poet, wrote a madrigal, in which he represented that Pluto, seriously alarmed at the idea of the doctor's death, petitioned the Destinies to prolong his days, fearing that, should he visit the shades below, he would recall the dead to life. Pluto's wish being granted, the Doctor prescribed to himself a journey to Nice, that he might enjoy a little repose, and breathe for a few months the balsamic air of the South. He set out in his post chariot, and after a pleasant journey arrived at Lyons, where he proposed remaining a few days. It was the month of December; he did not know a soul in Lyons, and after dinner, not knowing how to pass the evening, he wrapped himself up in his cloak and went to the theatre.

"I shall at all events," thought he, have seen a public building."

The doorkeeper put him into a box. Dr. V—— after having examined the theatre, ensconced himself in a corner and waited

patiently for the rising of the curtain. The box door was shortly afterwards opened and two ladies entered; a gentleman who accompanied them said, "I hope you will be comfortable here ladies," and then disappeared. The doctor rose to bow to the ladies as they passed him, threw a scrutinizing glance on one of them, and certainly her countenance was well calculated to attract attention. She was a woman of about thirty five years of age, tall, as most of the ladies of Lyons are, and still remarkably beautiful, added to which, there was a paleness and an air of melancholy which gave an interest to her features. The doctor, after making these observations, again sat down in his corner, still enveloped in his cloak. The theatre gradually filled and the performance began.

"Dear me," said the Doctor to himself, "I have a great mind to change my seat, these two ladies who do not now say a word to each other would talk freely if I were not here! I must be sadly in their way."

Just as he was about to obey this feeling of delicacy, a box, exactly opposite to the one he was sitting in, was opened, and a young and beautiful woman, whose appearance was rather bold, entered it, her bare shoulders being but partially covered by a cashmere shawl. At the time of which we are speaking, these delicate and magnificent shawls were much more rare, and more highly thought of than they now are; they then cost a much greater price, and in the provincial cities, a woman who possessed one was considered superlatively fortunate. On seeing the new comer, the lady sitting in the Doctor's box shuddered, and placing a trembling hand on the arm of her friend, exclaimed in an agitated voice, "Oh heavens! she has a cashmere! He has given her a cashmere!"

The lady wept bitterly, and then forgot-

ting that a stranger was sitting close behind her, and could hear all she said, relieved the agony of her heart by relating all her miseries. The doctor was thus, in spite of himself, made acquainted with the unhappy secrets of a Lyonnese couple, whom even opulence could not shelter from affliction. The aggrieved lady entered into all the minutiae of her husband's infidelities; and the Doctor, who in the first instance, expected to hear only some provincial tittle tattle, was initiated into the mysteries of a most serious and profound grievance. The lady every now and then paused, overcome by her feelings, and then again took up her recital from the very commencement of her husband's fatal infatuation, dwelt upon each particular circumstance, interlarding her story with observation's on her husband's cruel behaviour to his daughter also, who having fallen in love with an excellent young man, the son of a rival merchant in the city, had refused his consent to their union from the hatred he bore the father. She every now and then cast a painful look towards the woman in the cashmere, who, disdainful and proud, appeared to brave her resentment.

"What do you say is the name of that creature?" inquired her companion.

"Juliette—Juliette," replied the lady. "Oh! I can no longer bear this," said she rising, "I cannot possibly remain here—I must quit the theatre—I am sorry to deprive you of your amusement, but you will not leave me, will you?

"Certainly not, my dear friend, let us begone—I readily conceive how painful this must be to your feelings."

The two ladies left the box, and the doctor remained alone. Overcome by the fatigue of two nights travelling in his carriage, and the comfortable warmth of his cloak, he fell asleep, and was only awakened by the noise made by the audience quitting the theatre. The doctor joined the throng and took, as he thought, the road to the Hotel at which he had put up. He had slept about two hours. Being in a strange town,

and mistaking the streets, he soon lost his way. After having wandered about some time, he thought of asking some one to direct him to his Inn, when a door was opened before him, and he saw a woman cross the street and go into a shop where a light was still burning; he followed her. The woman pushed open the door, which was standing ajar, and addressed herself to the shopkeeper who was still behind his counter:

"Mr. Giroux," said she, "in the name of heaven, tell me the address of the nearest doctor; Madame is very ill; Mademoiselle is not much better; our family physician lives at the farther end of the town, and we do not know what to do."

Doctor V. thought that the nearest doctor was himself; he therefore accosted the woman.

"My good woman," said he, "I am a physician."

"You, Sir?"

"Yes, certainly, why not?"

"Well then, Sir, will you have the goodness to visit my mistress?"

"Most willingly."

The invalid was at no great distance; the doctor, however, obtained what information he could as to the nature of her malady, as he ascended the stairs which led to her apartment. Madame Deslandes was suffering from a violent nervous attack. In those days nervous attacks were quite fashionable; the disease was imported from Germany; and one physician, a man of much penetration, cured it radically by administering pills made of bread crumbs covered with gold leaf; but there were sceptics who denied, not merely the efficacy of the remedy, but even the very existence of the disease. Doctor V. was too good a physician to decide the question dogmatically, and followed the servant without knowing precisely the nature of the infirmity he had to contend with. He was shewn into a drawing room, rather in disorder, where he was shortly afterwards joined by a man of about forty years

of age, whose countenance bore evident traces of agitation.

" You are a physician, Sir ?" said he, addressing the Doctor.

" I have that honor, Sir."

" May I know the name of —"

" Doctor V——."

" Doctor V., of Paris ! he whose journey to Nice has been announced in the *Journal de l' Empire* ?"

" I was not aware that the newspapers had mentioned my journey, but I am the person in question. I have been in Lyons only a few hours, and was passing through this street to go to my hotel, the way to which I had most probably mistaken, when one of your servants enquired, in my hearing, for a physician ; I was the nearest, and thought that both my duty and humanity compelled me to assist persons suffering under illness, provided always that my services proved acceptable ; you may, therefore, Sir, command them."

" Ah ! my dear Sir, Heaven has surely sent you to our aid."

" Accident, Sir," replied the Doctor.

" My wife ! my daughter ! you cannot imagine the sad state they are in."

" Will you allow me to see the ladies ?"

Mr. Deslandes himself conducted the doctor into his wife's room. It was infected with the penetrating effluvia of Hoffman's drops. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, the Doctor immediately threw open the window and undrew the curtains which concealed his patient ; it was the very lady who two hours before had sate in the same box with him at the theatre. Madame Deslandes was lying on the bed, her eyes half closed, her chest heaving violently, and suffering from nervous spasms. The Doctor took her convulsively closed hand, attempted to raise her stiffened arm, spoke to her first in a loud tone of voice, then more gently placing his mouth close to her ear, but all uselessly ; she was in a complete swoon. The Doctor seated himself on the foot of the bed and remained some time in a pensive attitude, leaning his head upon his hand ;

he then rose and addressing the servant maid, who was watching her mistress, said :

" You will give your mistress from time to time, a spoonful of a decoction of *orange leaves*. Sir, added he, turning to Mr. Deslandes " if you please, we will now proceed to see Mdlle. Deslandes."

The young lady was in that agitated sort of sleep so common with invalids, and it appeared that the delirium with which she had been afflicted all the day pursued her even in her dreams : *agri somnia*. The Doctor laid his fingers gently on the pulse of his patient, who shuddered and pronounced a few incoherent words. The Doctor then said to her father.

" A decoction of orange leaves."

" A decoction of orange leaves !" cried Mr. Deslandes, " what, the same remedy you have ordered for her mother ?"

" Precisely," said the Doctor.

They returned to the drawing room where Mr. Deslandes interrogated him very anxiously.

" What think you of the state they are in ? Your composure Sir, only half satisfies me. For a month past I have observed my daughter become thinner, and thinner, loosing one by one all the signs of youth ; the beauty of her eyes has fled, the brilliancy of her complexion has faded ; she is dying, Sir, dying consumed by a devouring fever."

" It is indeed a *slow* fever," said the Doctor.

" And my wife too," rejoined Mr. Deslandes, " I thought just now that she would have expired in my arms !"

" They are both, Sir, very serious cases."

" And does not medicine," said the husband " afford any other remedy than"—

" Than a decoction of orange leaves," gravely replied the Doctor.

" Ah ! Sir, I have not the honor of being known to you, but do every thing I entreat you for the two beings whom chance has placed under your care, that you would do for your dearest patient, and we will bless God, or chance, if you will so term it, who directed you to this house."

"A decoction of orange leaves," reiterated the Doctor.

Oh! Sir, supposing that the wife of Marshal — or of Senator N. were in the same state in which my wife and daughter now are, would you prescribe such medicine as this?"

"Absolutely nothing more; I should make them take a decoction of orange leaves; were I at Paris, however, and my assistance were required in a family who confided implicitly in me, and would follow my prescriptions with unhesitating submission, I might perhaps add something more—but, continued the Doctor, after a pause, "I am in the country, and therefore must pursue the country practice."

"Sir," said the Lyonnese Merchant, "pray change your tone with me; the life of my wife, that of my child is at stake; command, prescribe! I swear to you that"—

"What you require of me is of a most delicate nature," rejoined the Doctor, "reflect Sir, that I am about to pry into the secrets of your family—to place you in a position to decide between your passions and your duty, and in which, should you not implicitly follow my prescriptions you will become guilty of homicide."

"Speak, Sir, speak."

"Do you love your wife, Sir?" said the Doctor abruptly.

"You see that I do love her! The agony in which I am must prove it to you; it is very true, that having been married now eighteen years, I have no longer that ardent love which is the attribute of youth; but with us, as with all married couples a lively friendship has succeeded to—

"You have a Mistress Sir?"

"Sir," replied Mr. Deslandes casting down his eyes.

"You have a Mistress, and for that creature you leave your wife, your daughter, your home—for her you compromise your fortune—Madame Deslandes who is still young, beautiful, and affectionate, and who dearly loves you, sees herself abandoned by you, for an unworthy girl—for Mdlle. Juliette—"

"How can you know, Sir—"

"This Juliette," continued the Doctor, without paying any attention to Mr. Deslandes' question, "impudently sets at defiance your legitimate wife, makes a display, even before her eyes, of luxurious extravagance, wears your gifts as trophies, appears in the public walks and at the theatres covered with diamonds, lace and cashmeres; triumphs over a virtuous woman, whom she has the insolence to look upon as a rival; and you the author of all this evil, who perhaps have just had an altercation with your wife, which has reduced her to this pitiable state, you look to medical art for a remedy. You wish the physician this evening to close the wound which you will open afresh to-morrow! No, Sir, no, your wife will die, and you will have killed her. Doubtless a decoction of orange leaves is a sovereign remedy, but this remedy is not sufficient in this case; you must have nothing more to say to this creature, this Juliette, excepting to make her leave Lyons, and that instantly, even at this hour, before day-break. This is no difficult matter, for after having paid a woman to remain in a town, it is easy enough to pay her to go out of it. Should you hesitate, I again tell you your wife will die.—There Sir, that is my mode of practising physic in Paris.

Mr. Deslandes was at heart an excellent man; he loved his wife more dearly than he imagined, and he would have recoiled at the idea of hesitating, even for a moment, between Juliette and the existence of his wife. He decided the matter at once.

"Sir," said he to the Doctor, "you shall be obeyed, I will never see Juliette again, and I solemnly promise that she shall leave Lyons to-morrow."

"This is as it should be," replied the Doctor, pressing the hand of his new client, not a word about it to Madame Deslandes, she must not be disturbed; there must be no noise in her room; only take care that she has the decoction of orange leaves, and I will be responsible for her recovery."

He rose and was about to leave the room.

"And my daughter," said Mr. Deslandes.

"We found her asleep, and I thought it better not to awaken her—I will be here again to-morrow."

The Doctor kept his word; the next morning, at nine o'clock, he was at the bedside of Madame Deslandes. His *panacea* had done wonders; the violence of the attack had passed, the nerves were no longer in a state of irritation, the patient had passed a good night, and all that remained of her recent illness was a sensation of languor attended with great melancholy. Mr. Deslandes was not in his wife's room. The Doctor, after having announced himself as Mr. V., the Paris physician, who had, the evening before, been fortunate enough to be called in to attend her, availed himself of her husband's absence, and added:—

"Your city of Lyons, Madam, is a very noisy one, if I may judge from the hotel where I am staying.

"Did you not sleep well then?" said Madame Deslandes, faintly.

"I have not closed my eyes; only imagine, Madame, a young man from Marseilles lodges in the hotel, who, it appears from what I have been told, fell desperately in love at the theatre last night. Were you at the theatre last night, Madame?"

"Yes, Sir, with a friend of mine; but I was obliged to leave early because I was taken ill."

"Well, this young man, as I said before, fell in love with one of those creatures who ought not to be permitted to turn peoples heads, but whom however"—

Madame Deslandes sighed, the Doctor continued—

"These Southern gentlemen are so very inflammable; the Marseilles spark insisted upon carrying off the lady: she had come to the Hotel to see him; there never was heard such shrieking: Charles here, Juliette there."

"Juliette! Juliette!" exclaimed Madame Deslandes.

"Yes, Juliette; I got out of bed, they were making such a tremendous noise in the Hotel; I went to my window and saw them both get into a post chaise and drive off."

"Yes, my dear wife," said Mr. Deslandes, who entered the room at the instant, "Mdlle. Juliette is no longer in Lyons."

Mr. and Madame Deslandes embraced each other very tenderly.

"She is cured, she is cured," exultingly exclaimed the Doctor, "did I not tell you that a decoction of orange leaves was the only specific necessary in this case?"

"And our daughter?" said Mr. and Madame Deslandes.

"Oh! she has a very dangerous slow fever. An ordinary physician would stuff her with bark; but I have another mode of proceeding. Tell me now, confidentially, is there not a little secret love affair there?"

"Alas, Sir, it is but too true."

"You must let her marry, or I will not answer for the consequences. As to you, Madame, young, beautiful and beloved by your husband, your being made a grandmother can make but little difference to you—you will always be a charming woman; and you, Sir, to whom could you more advantageously marry your daughter than to the son of a merchant, who although a rival in business, is not an enemy. A young man too who is amiable and rich. To speak frankly, Mdlle. Deslandes could not have made a more sensible choice. You know it; in your own mind you must be fully persuaded of it; and if, as I believe, your daughter has perceived that you are sacrificing her happiness to your self love, this powerful conviction, doubtless, increases the malady, which may become incurable.

While the Doctor was speaking, Mons. Deslandes paced up and down the room, and at last went to the window.

"See there," said he, "there he is passing and repassing before the door."

"Who?" enquired Madame Deslandes.

"Who should it be," replied the Doctor, "but the young man who loves your

daughter? He knows that she is dangerously ill, and you will not allow him to enter the house! Is it not natural that he should wish to be near her?"

The Doctor ran to the window and threw it open; he made a sign to the young man to come in; he appeared to make but one bound from the foot of the stairs to the landing place. The Doctor took him by the arm and dragged him into the young lady's room.

"Mademoiselle," said he to the invalid, "here is a young man who has a great desire to marry you; he has obtained the consent of your father and mother, but it is upon one express condition, that you immediately get well. Ho! ho!" continued he, laughingly taking hold of her hand, "this is something like—here is a pulse which begins to beat reasonably. I predict that in twenty four hours all fever will have disappeared."

The doctor's prediction was verified and the marriage speedily took place.

Before he left Lyons, Madame Deslandes had an opportunity of speaking to the doctor in private.

"Tell me," she said, "you to whom I owe so much, how was it that you managed to cure both the mother and the daughter, by so adroitly devining their precise position?"

"In the first place, Madame, I had worthy people to deal with, which is a favorable circumstance for a physician, when the origin of a malady proceeds from mental affection; I go sometimes to the theatre, and as a play is, or ought to be, the mirror of society, it sometimes shows us."—

"How? yes, it must be so! the man who sat behind me enveloped in his cloak, was,—"

"Hush! hush! Do not attempt to guess any thing, you will only weaken the efficacy of the *decocation of orange leaves*."

A few days after this conversation, Dr. V— left Lyons and set out for Nice.

A HAPPY HOME.

BY PROF. WM. G. HOWARD.

I love the quiet sacred calm,
That fills the pious breast;
It is an emblem of that peace,
Which reigns among the blest:
The stern conflicting cares of life,
Like a tempestuous sea,
May waste the fragile form to dust;
The spirit still is free!

How sweet, when night begins to drop
Its mantle o'er the earth;
And that lone hour again returns,
Which gives to dreams their birth;
To see the 'holy man of God,'
Bowed at the shrine of prayer;
His wife and smiling babes around,
To meet the Saviour there.

And when the morning's rosy light
Beams o'er the eastern hills;
And gratitude, for life and health,
Each generous bosom fills;
'Tis sweet to see this happy group
All reverently bent,
Seeking in humble prayer to give
Their wants and wishes vent.

O! if their be a paradise,
Beneath the stars above;
'Tis in this home, this blissful home,
Of pure domestic love.
The storms, that wreck this wintry world,
May rave and roar around;
They cannot blight a flower, that blooms
Within such hallo wed ground.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY WALTER PATTERSON, ESQ.

I CANNOT stain this snowy leaf
Without a sigh of pensive grief
As musing on my days gone by,
And those that still before me lie,
I read a mournful emblem here,
That few could read without a tear!
For, as my musing eyes I cast
Upon the pages that are past,
I search them all, but search in vain
To find even one without a stain!

But what has been, is not to be,—
The happy future yet is free.
Far as my forward eye can go,
The future still is white as snow;
So free from stains, so free from cares,
The tainted past it half repairs!
It is a goodly sight! but oh!
Too well within this heart I know
That this fair future, at the last,
Shall be itself the tainted past.

BOTANICAL DESCRIPTION
OF THE
C H E L O N E O B L I Q U A.
(OBLIQUE LEAVED CHELONE.)

Class.
DIDYNAMIA.

Order.
ANGIOSPERMIA.

Natural Order.
SCROPHULARIACEÆ.

GENERIC CHARACTER.—*Calyx* five parted, trivariatae. *Corolla* ringent, ventricose; upper lip emarginate, lower one trifid, sterile. *Stamens* didynamous, with a sterile filament, which is shorter than the rest; *anthers* woolly. *Capsule* two celled, two valved. *Seeds* surrounded by a membranous margin. *Don's Gard. and Botany.*

SPECIFIC CHARACTER.—*Plant* perennial, herbaceous. *Stems* jointed, hollow, about two feet high, with distant leaves, and occasionally branching from the axils of the upper ones. *Leaves* opposite, decussated, oblong-lanceolate, acuminate, rather oblique, strongly nerved, with numerous serratures, and having small hairs at the nerves and teeth. *Spikes* terminal, dense. *Bracts* in threes, ovate pointed, middle one the largest. *Calyx* five parted, with oval, pointed segments. *Corolla* half-ringent, reddish-purple; tube short, narrow; throat spacious; limb contracted; upper lip obtuse, emarginate; lower one curved downwards, trifid, bearded within. *Fertile filaments* four, white, hairy; the fifth red. *Style* the length of the stamens; *Stigma* obtuse. *Capsule* nearly globular, smooth. *Seeds* numerous, imbricated downwards.

SYNONYMES.—*Chelone purpurea*. *Digitalis mariana*.

It is alone for its very ornamental character, and not because it is either of recent introduction or exceedingly scarce, that we have supplied a plate of *Chelone obliqua*. It is a plant that even the cottager could cultivate with the greatest facility, and furthermore, distinguished for the compactness of its growth, and the profusion as well as showiness of its flowers. All who allow perennial herbaceous species a place in their gardens should be careful to secure several specimens. And since this suggestion applies to every person who devotes the smallest spot of ground to flowers, the recommendation is, of course, addressed to the whole of that extensive class.

Equal to any species of *Pentstemon* in the handsomeness of its blossoms, for what is lacking in color, compared with some of the magnificent members of that genus, is made up in size—there is none of the difficulty in its management which is almost universally attendant on theirs, nor is there the slightest degree of the same liability to destruction with the common condition of winters. Its culture is, in fact, of the easiest possible de-

scription. All thoroughly hardy herbaceous plants, and this among the number, merely need parting and moving each year, or once in two years, and if they are planted in a loamy soil, they cannot fail to succeed. *C. obliqua* may, however, be suffered to form a mass at the roots, of a foot or more in diameter, because it is when a clump of this kind is all flowering together, that the highest effect is produced. It is found by the sides of rivulets on the high mountains of Virginia and Carolina, and is supposed to prefer a damp shady situation. The last of these positions is not at all essential, and it will thrive quite as well in an open border. A multiplication is obtained by a division of the plant at the roots. It blossoms during the greater part of the autumn, growing to the height of from eighteen inches to two feet, and each stem developing a terminal spike of flowers similar to that now exhibited.

From the imaginary resemblance in the figure of the *corolla* to that of the shell of the tortoise, Tournefort originally named the genus. It is closely related to the *Pentstemon*.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—During the greater part of the month, the frequenters of the Park Theatre have been enjoying the varied performances of Mr. and Mrs. Brougham; the latter having appeared in a large range of characters, including Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, Violante, in the *Wonder*, Lady Gay Spanker, in *London Assurance*, and Marguerite, in the new play of *Love's Sacrifice*, which has been brought out in a style highly creditable to the management; in all these characters Mrs. Brougham has proved herself to be an actress of good ability. Brougham himself has played many of the parts in which Power used to delight the audiences of this city, and it is not necessary to say more, to prove how well Brougham has delineated them, than that he has, upon every occasion, elicited roars of laughter.

Barry plays the character of Matthew Elmore, in *Love's Sacrifice*, admirably; and the whole play is better performed than any thing we have seen at the Park for some months past.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Who could ever have imagined that Mitchell would have conceived the bold idea of bringing out a Grand Opera at the little Olympic? yet such is the fact; and what is still more strange, that he has done so, successfully! Rookes' opera of *Amilie* offers considerable difficulty even to a theatre adapted to operatic performances only, from the variety of the

chorusses and the general character of the music, and yet it is performed, and well performed too, by the stock company of the Olympic, to which the only additions have been, Miss Taylor, from the Park theatre, and a Mr. Raymond, a debutant, who made his first bow to the public in the character of Count Teimer. This gentleman possesses a baritone voice of good compass, and bids fair to become a very effective member of the musical corps. The principal interest of the opera depends upon Mrs. Timm and Miss Taylor, whose exertions are highly praiseworthy, the latter seeming to be imbued with an energy and spirit of which we had not before thought her capable; Miss Singleton also sings very prettily.

The chorusses are performed with a precision and correctness which reflect great credit upon the exertions of the leader of the orchestra, Mr. Loder, who must have bestowed great pains in getting them so perfectly performed. The opera has been played every night since its first production, and always to crowded houses.

NEW MUSIC.—We have had two songs sent to us this last week, published by Henry Prentiss, Boston; they are both composed by H. C. Watson, a young composer of considerable talent. The music of the first, "The May Queen," is tender and plaintive, that of the second, "The Retort," is lively and brilliant.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

NOTE.—We had prepared a Fashion Plate for this number, but having subsequently received, by the Havre packet, Drawings of the Paris Fashions to the 25th September, we immediately engraved new plates from them.

FIG. 1.—EVENING DRESS.—Dress of rose coloured satin, with short sleeves of the same, tight to the arm, and ending above the elbow with a falling trimming of black lace—a cape of the same trimmed with deep black lace. *Ceinture* of the same material as the dress, fastened by a buckle in front. The jupe trimmed with a very deep black lace

} flounce, and at the bottom with large buoffants. Black lace mittens.

FIG. 2. WALKING DRESS.—A violet coloured *camail* embroidered *en soutache* with deep fringe border, and cordon and tassels of the same colour. Dress of dark green silk. Hat of green velvet *epinglé*, ribbands of the same colour.

LATEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

LES COIFFURES have a tendency to be worn rather higher upon the head; for instance, we have remarked several *coiffures* composed of natural flowers, encircling the front of the head, and attached at the back of the head so as hardly to be seen; these coiffures are very light and have a charming effect, particularly when the side hair is formed in plaits; for a change, an arched *bandeau* is sometimes worn, attached at the back with a roseatte of ribbon, the hair rather elevated behind. *La guirlande Victoria* is very much worn: it is composed of flowers made in a very light material, intermixed with ivy made in velvet, both the fruit and leaves; but the most elegant of all is the *guirlande Carlotta*, in African coral, with the miniature leaves of the Chili vine in velvet. Nothing can be lighter or more becoming than the turban *à la Rachel*, consisting of English lace, the narrow end of the scarf falling low, so as to touch the tip of the left shoulder; this head-dress being perfectly simple is well calculated for a young bride. Grecian coiffures are also coming into fashion; nothing can be more brilliant or rich than this style of head-dress. For a simple evening costume, we have seen a charming kind of cap, having no crown, made in English *appliquéd* lace, and ornamented with a diadem of small roses, descending in a cluster on each side, and co-

vered over with long *barbes* of lace. For in-door costume, a *coiffure* of black lace is much worn, the form of it being perfectly simple, having no crown, and the sides forming a kind of wing, trimmed with two roseates of ribbon.

CARRIAGE DRESSES are very much in vogue made of the material called *lampas*. We must not omit in particular mentioning two of these elegant dresses, which struck us being of the latest fashion. The first was made with the corsage *à pointe* round-ed, and decorated with three folds over the bust reversed; the back perfectly plain; sleeves Louis XIV.; under sleeves of tarlatan, with manchettes *à la Motière*. The other was of *lampas glacé*; high and tight corsage; the sleeves plain and fulled in the seam so as to set in puckers or gathers round the arm; the skirt ornamented with three broad flounces.

BALL DRESSES.—We have great pleasure in laying before our young *debutantes* the following most novel and splendid winter costumes. To begin with, a *robe tunique* in *organdie*, splendidly embroidered in gold *soutache*; corsage *à la Grecque*; a dress in India muslin, embroidered in pearls and gold thread made *à la vierge*; and many others in *poult de soie* pink, or blue *brochée* white, tastefully trimmed with lace, Louis XV.

GIVE THAT WREATH TO ME.

A BALLAD.

The Words by T. H. Bayley, Esq., the Music selected from an English Melody by Sir John Stevenson.

ALLEGRO
MODERATO
CON ANIMA.

Musical score for "Give That Wreath to Me" featuring three staves of music with lyrics. The score includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of 2/4. The first staff begins with a forte dynamic. The lyrics are:

Give that wreath to me, when the roses die.....

Never let it be thrown ne - glect-ed by.

GIVE THAT WREATH TO ME.

143

Bloom and scent may pe - rish, yet those leaves I'll che - rish
 Hall...ow'd by thy touch ; then give that wreath to
 me.

tr

me.

tr

Should I ever find other nymphs as fair,
 With gay wreaths entwin'd round their flowing hair ;

Midst the wreaths of pleasure, still my faded treasure
 Shall be next my heart—then give that wreath to me.

THE ARTIST,

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1842.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

ADDRESS TO THE LADIES, Ornamented with an Engraved Design.....	
PORTRAIT OF A LADY	
THE CHELONE OBLIQUA.....	
THE LAST PARIS FASHIONS.....	

CONTENTS.

A LEGEND OF GRANADA, by Epes Sargent, - - - - -	97
DEBBY WILDER, by Seba Smith, - - - - -	100
LINES COMPOSED AT THE GREENWOOD CEMETERY, by Park Benjamin, - - - - -	107
SONG, by Josiah Conder, - - - - -	do.
BEING OUT OF TOWN, by Mark Madrigal, - - - - -	108
FALSEHOOD, a Poem, - - - - -	112
THE TWO VICTORINES, - - - - -	113
CONSTANCY, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, - - - - -	123
THE MIGHTY DEAD, by W. S. Cranston, - - - - -	do.
LAMENT FOR AN EXTINCT ARTICLE OF FEMALE DRESS, by Jedediah Oldbuck, - - - - -	124
THE MOTHER'S HEART, (translated from the French,) - - - - -	127
LINES ON HEARING THE SONG OF A BIRD DURING A PROTRACTED ILLNESS, by Anna Cora Mowatt, - - - - -	133
"ON NE DORT PLUS," (a song from the French,) by the Author of "A New Home, &c. - - - - -	do.
A DECOCTION OF ORANGE LEAVES, (translated from the French,) by Thos. Williams, - - - - -	134
A HAPPY HOME, by Professor William Howard, - - - - -	139
BOTANICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE CHELONE OBLIQUA, (see Plate,) - - - - -	140
THE DRAMA, - - - - -	141
DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE, - - - - -	do.
LATEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, - - - - -	142

MUSIC.

GIVE THAT WREATH TO ME, composed by Sir John Stevenson, the words by T. Haynes Bayley.

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To PUBLISHERS.—We shall, in future, devote some pages of the work to Literary Notices of New Publications. The Publishers are, therefore, requested to send the works they wish noticed, addressed to the Editor.

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